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THE ARCTIC NEWSPAPER.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Within the arctic circle's bound,
Mid Norway's cold and sterile ground,
The summer-sun that strangely shines
At midnight, through a sea of pines
Smiles on a window where proceeds
  A novel enterprise,—
A semi-weekly Journal
  Printed 'neath polar skies,—
The lowly cabins scattered
  Mid gloomy groves of fir,
Open their doors to welcome
  The wondrous visitor,—
For tho' of paper coarse and gray
  Its scanty Gothic page
Contains some jewel for the mind
  Alike of youth and age.

Beside his lamp and glimmering fire
Unfolds its scroll the thoughtful sire,
Well-pleased to learn of realms unknown
And marvels of the tropic zone,—
While noisy children hush and muse
To hear their mother read the news.

Now if the NEW YORK LEDGER fair
Which seems to travel everywhere,—
Should e'er such northern voyage dare,—
Perchance, its Editor might seek
Some generous words of cheer to speak,—
He, whose good deeds, in echoes sweet,
Mount Vernon's grateful shades repeat,
Perchance, he'd kindly deign to say
"Have courage, brother, on thy way,—
And set the types with right good will,—
Let truth and knowledge guide the quill,—
So Norway's hardy sons shall be
Wiser and happier made by thee."

Hartford, Conn., March 23d, 1859.

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* The most northern newspaper in the world is printed at a village called Tromsoe, in Norway, three degrees within the polar circle. It is of small size, with two columns on each of its four pages, and in the ancient Gothic character.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OLD HURRICANE STORMS.

"At this sir knight flamed up with ire!
His great chest heaved! his eyes flashed fire,
The crimson that suffused his face
To deepest purple now gave place."

Who can describe the phrenzy of Old Hurricane upon discovering the fraud that had been practiced upon him by Black Donald?

It was told him the next morning in his tent, at his breakfast table, in the presence of his assembled family, by the reverend Mr. Goodwin.

Upon first hearing it, he was incapable of any thing but blank staring, until it seemed as though his eyes must start from their sockets!

Then his passion, "not loud but deep," found utterance only in emphatic thumps of his walking stick upon the ground!

Then as the huge emotion worked upwards, it broke out in grunts, groans and inarticulate exclamations!

Finally it burst forth as follows—

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! Fool! dolt! blockhead! *brute* that I've been!—I wish somebody would punch my wooden head!—I didn't think the demon himself could have deceived me so! Ugh! —Nobody *but* the demon *could* have done it! And he *is* the demon! the very demon himself!—he does not *disguise* he *transforms* himself! Ugh! ugh! ugh! that I should have been such a donkey!"

"Sir, compose yourself, we are all liable to suffer deception," said Mr. Goodwin.

"SIR," broke forth Old Hurricane, in fury—"that wretch has *eat at my table! has drank wine with me!! has slept in my bed!!!* Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

"Believing him to be what he seemed, sir, you extended to him the rights of hospitality; you have nothing to blame yourself with!"

"Demmy, sir, I did *more* than that!—I've coddled him up with negusses! I've pampered him up with possets and put him to sleep in my own bed! Yes, sir! and more!—look there at Mrs. Condiment, sir! the way in which SHE worshiped that villain was a sight to behold!" said Old Hurricane, jumping up and stamping around the tent in fury.

"Oh, Mr. Goodwin, sir, how could *I* help it when I thought he was such a precious saint?" whimpered the old lady.

"Yes, sir! when 'his reverence' would be tired with delivering a long-winded mid-day discourse, Mrs. Condiment, sir, would take him into her own tent! make him lie down on her own sacred cot! and set *my* niece to bathing his head with cologne and *her* maid to fanning him, while *she herself* prepared an iced sherry cobbler for his reverence!—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Condiment, mum!" said Old Hurricane, suddenly stopping before the poor old woman, in angry scorn.

"Indeed I'm sure if I'd known it was Black Donald, I'd no more have suffered *him* inside of my tent than I would Satan!"

"Demmy, mum, you had Satan there as well! Who but Satan could have tempted you all to disregard *me*, your lawful lord and master, as you every one of you did for that wretch's sake! Hang it, parson, I wasn't the master of my own house, nor the head of my own family! Precious Father Gray was! Black Donald was!—Oh, you shall hear!" cried Old Hurricane, in a phrenzy.

"Pray, sir, be patient and do not blame the women for being no wiser than you were yourself," said Mr. Goodwin.

"Tah! tah! tah! one act of folly is a contingency to which any man may for once in his life be liable! but folly is the women's normal condition! You shall hear! you shall hear! Hang it, sir! everybody had to give way to Father Gray! everything was for Father Gray! *Precious* Father Gray! *Excellent* Father Gray! *Saintly* Father Gray! It was Father Gray here and Father Gray there, and Father Gray everywhere and always! He eat with us all day and slept with us all night! The coolest cot in the dryest nook of the tent at night, the shadiest seat at the table by day, were always for his reverence!—the nicest tit-bits of the choicest dishes—the middle slices of the fish, the breast of the young ducks, and the wings of the chickens, the mealiest potatoes, the juiciest tomatoes, the tenderest roasting ear, the most delicate custards, and the freshest fruit always for his reverence! *I* had to put up with the necks of poultry, and the tails of fishes, watery potatoes, specked apples and scorched custards!—and if I dared to touch anything better before his precious reverence had eaten and was filled—Mrs. Condiment, there, would look as sour as if she had bitten an unripe lemon, and Cap. would tread on my gouty toe! Mrs. Condiment, mum, I don't know how you can look me in the face!" said Old Hurricane, savagely. A very unnecessary reproach, since poor Mrs. Condiment had not ventured to look any one in the face since the discovery of the fraud of which she, as well as others, had been an innocent victim.

"Come, come, my dear Major, there is no harm done to you or your family, therefore take patience!" said Mr. Goodwin.

"Demmy, sir! I beg your pardon, parson, I *won't* take patience! You don't know! Hang it, man, at last they got me to give up one-half of my own blessed bed to his precious reverence! —the *best* half which the fellow always took right out of the middle, leaving me to sleep on both sides of him if I could! Think of it! *me*, Ira Warfield, sleeping between the sheets, night after night, with Black Donald! Ugh! ugh! ugh! Oh, for some lethean draught, that I might drink and forget! Sir, I *won't* be patient! patience would be a sin! Mrs. Condiment, mum, I desire that you will send in your account and supply yourself with a new situation! You and I cannot agree any longer. You'll be putting me to bed with Beelzebub next!" exclaimed Old Hurricane, beside himself with indignation.

Mrs. Condiment sighed and wiped her eyes under her spectacles.

The worthy minister, seriously alarmed, came to him and said—

"My dear, dear Major, do not be unjust—consider, she is an old faithful domestic, who has been in your service forty years,—whom you could not live without! I say it under advisement—*whom you could not live without!*"

"Hang it, sir, nor live *with!* Think of her helping to free the prisoners! Actually taking Black Donald—*precious Father Gray!*—into their cell and leaving them together to hatch their —! beg your pardon—*horrid* plots!"

"But, sir, instead of punishing the innocent victim of his deception, let us be merciful and thank the Lord, that since those men *were* delivered from prison, they were freed without bloodshed; for remember that neither the warden nor any of his men, nor any one else has been personally injured."

"Hang it, sir! I wish they had cut all our throats to teach us more discretion!" broke forth Old Hurricane.

"I am afraid that the lesson so taught would have come too late to be useful!" smiled the pastor.

"Well! it hasn't come too late now! Mrs. Condiment, mum, mind what I tell you! as soon as we return to Hurricane Hall, send in your accounts and seek a new home! I am not going to suffer myself to be set at naught any longer!" exclaimed Old Hurricane, bringing down his cane with an emphatic thump.

The sorely troubled minister was again about to interfere when, as the worm if trodden upon will turn, Mrs. Condiment herself spoke up, saying—

"Lor, Major Warfield, sir, there were others deceived besides *me*, and as for myself, I never can think of the risk I've run without growing cold all over!"

"Serves you right, mum, for your officiousness, and obsequieousness and toadying to—*precious Mr. Gray!* serves you doubly right for famishing me at my own table!"

"Uncle!" said Capitola, "'Honor bright! fair play is a jewel!' If you and I, who have seen Black Donald before, failed to recognize that stalwart athlete in a seemingly old and sickly man, how could you expect Mrs. Condiment to do so, who never saw him but once in her life, and then was so much frightened that she instantly fainted?"

"Pah! Pah! Pah! Cap., hush! You, all of you disgust me, except Black Donald!—I begin to respect *him!* Confound if I don't take in all the offers I have made for his apprehension; and at the very next convention of our party, I'll nominate him to represent us in the National Congress!!—for, of all the fools that ever I have met in my life, the people of this county are the greatest! and fools should at least be represented by one clever man—and Black Donald is the very fellow! he is decidedly the ablest man in this congressional district."

"Except yourself, dear uncle!" said Capitola.

"Except nobody, Miss Impudence! least of all *me!* The experience of the last week has convinced me that I ought to have a cap and bells awarded me by public acclamation!" said Old Hurricane, stamping about in fury.

The good minister finding that he could make no sort of impression upon the irate old man, soon took his leave, telling Mrs. Condiment that if he could be of any service to her in her trouble, she must be sure to let him know.

At this Capitola and Mrs. Condiment exchanged looks; and the old lady thanking him for his kindness, said that if it should become necessary, she should gratefully avail herself of it.

That day the camp-meeting broke up.

Major Warfield struck tents, and with his family and baggage returned to Hurricane Hall.

On their arrival, each member of the party went about his or her own particular business.

Capitola hurried to her own room to take off her bonnet and shawl. Pitapat, before attending her young mistress, lingered below to astonish the house-maids with accounts of "Brack Dunnel, dress up like an ole parson, an' 'ceiving eberybody, even ole Marse!"

Mrs. Condiment went to her store-room to inspect the condition of her newly put up preserves and pickles, lest any of them should have "worked" during her absence.

And Old Hurricane, attended by Wool, walked down to his kennels and his stables to look after the well-being of his favorite hounds and horses. It was while going through this interesting investigation that Major Warfield was informed—principally by overhearing the gossip of the grooms with Wool—of the appearance of a new inmate of the Hidden House—a young girl, who, according to their description, must have been the very pearl of beauty.

Old Hurricane pricked up his ears! Anything relating to the "Hidden House" possessed immense interest for him.

"Who is she, John?" he inquired of the groom.

"'Deed I dunno, sir, only they say she's a bootiful young creature, fair as any lily, and dressed in deep mourning."

"Humph! humph! humph! another victim! ten thousand chances to one, another victim! Who told you this, John?"

"Why, Marse, you see Tom Griffith, the Reverend Mr. Goodwin's man, he's very thick long of Davy Hughs, Colonel Le Noir's coachman. And Davy he told Tom how one day last month his marse ordered the carriage, and went two or three days' journey up the country beyant Staunton, where he staid a week and then came home, fetching along with him in the carriage this lovely young lady, who was dressed in the deepest mourning and wept all the way. They 'spects how she's an orphan, and has lost all her friends, by the way she takes on."

"Another victim! My life on it, another victim! Poor child! she had better be dead than in the power of that atrocious villain and consummate hypocrite!" said Old Hurricane, passing on to the examination of his favorite horses, one of which, the swiftest in the stud, he found galled on the shoulders. Whereupon he flew into a towering passion, abusing his unfortunate groom by every opprobrious epithet blind fury could suggest, ordering him, as he valued whole bones, to vacate the stables instantly, and never dare to set foot on his premises again as he valued his life, an order which the man meekly accepted and immediately disobeyed, muttering to himself—

"Humph! if we took ole marse at his word, there'd never be a man or 'oman left on the 'state,"—knowing full well that his tempestuous old master would probably forget all about it, as soon as he got comfortably seated at the supper table of Hurricane Hall, towards which the old man now trotted off.

Not a word did Major Warfield say at supper in regard to the new inmate of the Hidden House, for he had particular reasons for keeping Cap. in ignorance of a neighbor, lest she should insist upon exchanging visits and being "sociable."

But it was destined that Capitola should not remain a day in ignorance of the interesting fact.

That night when she retired to her chamber, Pitapat lingered behind, but presently appeared at her young mistress's room door with a large waiter on her head, laden with meat, pastry, jelly and fruit, which she brought in and placed upon the work stand.

"Why, what on the face of earth do you mean by bringing all that load of victuals into my room to-night? Do you think I am an ostrich or a cormorant, or that I am going to entertain a party of friends?" asked Capitola, in astonishment, turning from the wash stand, where she stood bathing her face.

"'Deed I dunno, Miss, whedder you'se an ostrizant or not, but I knows I don't 'tend for to be 'bused any more 'bout wittels, arter findin' out how cross empty people can be! *Dar dey is!* You can eat um or leab um alone, Miss Caterpillar!" said little Pitapat, firmly.

Capitola laughed. "Patty," she said, "you are worthy to be called my waiting maid!"

"And lors knows, Miss Caterpillar, if it was *de wittels* you was a-frettin' arter, you ought to a-told me before! Lors knows dere's wittels enough!"

"Yes, I'm much obliged to you, Patty, but now I am not hungry, and I do not like the smell of food in my bed-room, so take the waiter out and set it on the passage table until morning."

Patty obeyed, and came back smiling and saying—

"Miss Caterpillar, has you hern de news?"

"What news, Pat?"

"How us has got a new neighbor—a bootiful young gal—as bootiful as a picter in a gilt-edged Christmas book! wid a snowy skin, and sky-blue eyes, and glistenin', goldy hair, like de princess you was a readin' me about, all in deep mournin', and a weepin' and a weepin' all alone down there in that wicked, lonesome, onlawful ole haunted place, the Hidden House, along of old Colonel Le Noir and old Dorkey Knight, and the ghost as draws people's curtains of a night, just for all de worl' like dat same princess in de ogre's castle!"

"What on earth is all this rigmarole about? Are you dreaming or romancing?"

"I'm a telling on you de bressed trufe! Dere's a young lady a livin' at de Hidden House!"

"Eh! is that really true, Patty?"

"True as preaching, Miss."

"Then I am very glad of it! I shall certainly ride over and call on the stranger," said Capitola, gaily.

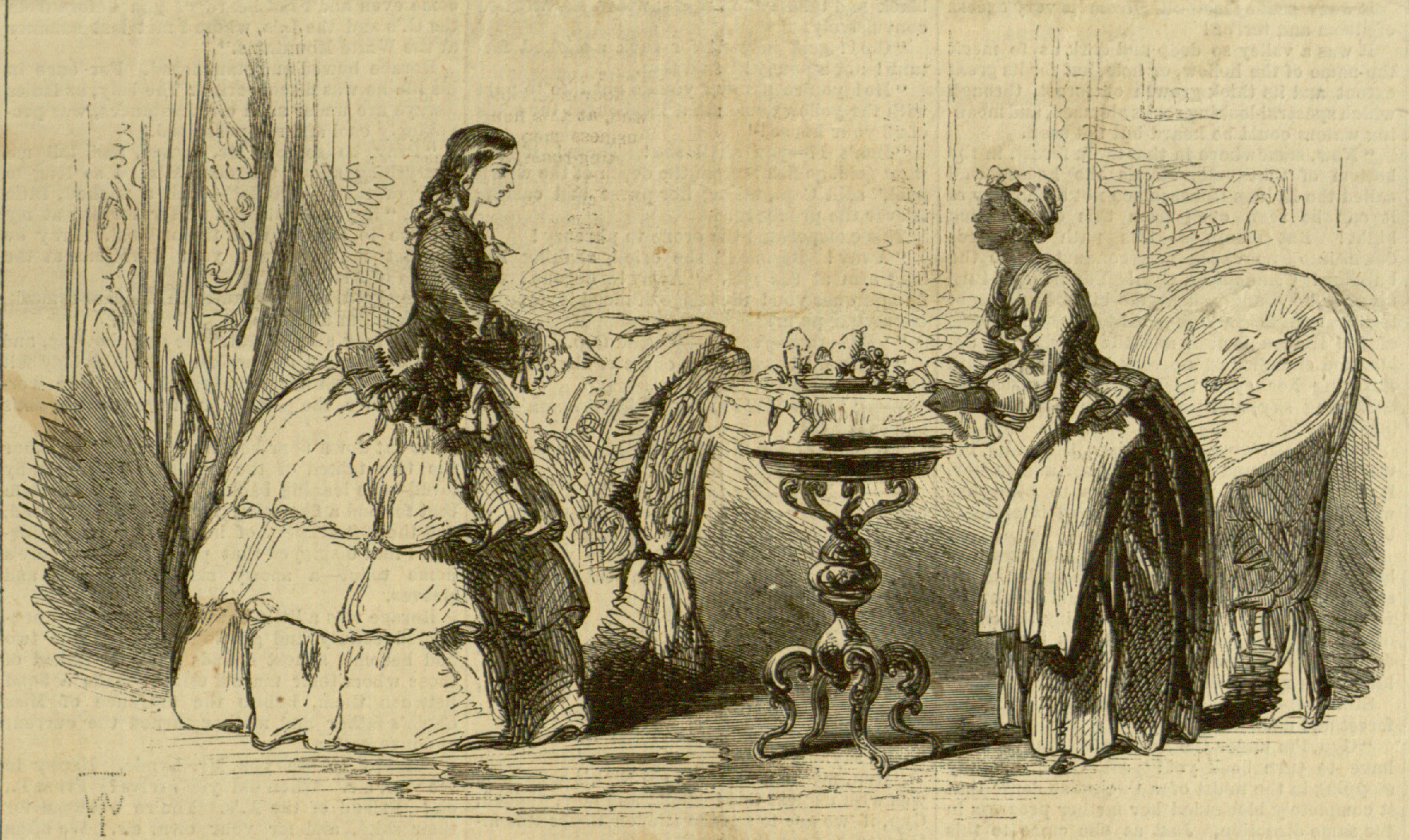
"Oh, Miss Cap.! oh, Miss, don't you do no sich thing! Old Marse kill me! I heerd him t'reaten all de men and maids, how if dey telled you anything 'bout de new neighbor, how he'd skin dem alive!"

"Won't he skin you?" asked Cap.

"No, Miss, not 'less you 'form ag'in me, case he didn't tell *me* not to tell you, case you see he didn't think how I knowed! But leastways, I know from what I heard, ole Marse wouldn't have you to know nothin' 'bout it, no, not for de whole worl'."

"He does not want me to call at the Hidden House! That's it! Now *why* doesn't he wish me to call there? I shall have to go in order to find out, and so I will," thought Cap.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



PITAPAT FORESTALLS REPROOF.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAP.'S VISIT TO THE HIDDEN HOUSE.

And such a night "she" took the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep and long the thunder bellowed;
That night a child might understand
The *de'il* had business on his hand.
BURNS.

A week passed before Capitola carried her resolution of calling upon the inmate of the Hidden House, into effect. It was in fact a hot, dry, oppressive season, the last few days of August, when all people, even the restless Capitola preferred the coolness and repose of indoors. But that she should stay at home more than a week was a moral and physical impossibility. So on Thursday afternoon, when Major Warfield set out on horseback to visit his mill, Capitola ordered her horse saddled and brought up that she might take an afternoon's ride.

"Now please, my dear child, don't go far," said Mrs. Condiment, "for besides that your uncle does not approve of your riding alone, you must hurry back to avoid the storm."

"Storm, Mrs. Condiment, why bless your dear old heart, there has not been a storm these four weeks!" said Capitola, almost indignant that such an absurd objection to a long ride should be raised.

"The more reason, my child, that we should have a very severe one when it does come, and I think it will be upon us before sunset; so I advise you to hurry home."

"Why, Mrs. Condiment! there's not a cloud in the sky!"

"So much the worse, my dear! The blackest cloud that ever gathered is not so ominous of mischief as this dull, coppery sky and still atmosphere! and if forty year's observation of weather signs goes for anything, I tell you that we are going to have the awfulest storm that ever gathered in the heavens!—Why, look out of that window! the very birds and beasts know it, and instinctively seek shelter!—look at that flock of crows flying home! see how the dumb beasts come trooping towards their sheds!—Capitola! you had better give up going altogether, my dear!"

"There! I thought all this talk tended to keeping me within doors! but I can't stay, Mrs. Condiment! Good Mrs. Condiment, I can't!"

"But, my dear, if you should be caught out in the storm!"

"Why, I don't know but I should like it! What harm could it do me? I'm not soluble in water! rain won't melt me away! I think upon the whole I rather prefer being caught in the storm," said Cap., perversely.

"Well, well, there is no need of that! you may ride as far as the river's bank and back again in time to escape, if you choose!" said Mrs. Condiment, who saw that her troublesome charge was bent upon the frolic.

And Cap., seeing her horse approach, led by one of the grooms, ran up stairs, donned her riding habit, hat and gloves, ran down again, sprang into her saddle and was off, galloping away towards the river before Mrs. Condiment could add another word of warning.

She had been gone about an hour, when the sky suddenly darkened, the wind rose and the thunder rolled in prelude to the storm.

Major Warfield came skurrying home from the mill, grasping his bridle with one hand and holding his hat on with the other.

Meeting poor old Ezy in the shrubbery, he stormed out upon him with—

"What are you lounging there for, you old idiot! you old sky-gazing lunatic! don't you see that we are going to have an awful blow?—Begone with you, and see that the cattle are all under shelter! Off, I say, or,"—he rode towards Bill Ezy, but the old man exclaiming—

"Yes, sir! yes, sir! in coorse, sir!" ducked his head and ran off in good time.

Major Warfield quickened his horse's steps and rode to the house, dismounted, and threw the reins to the stable-boy, exclaiming—

"My beast is dripping with perspiration—rub him down well, you knave, or I'll impale you!"

Striding into the hall, he threw down his riding-whip, pulled off his gloves, and called—

"Wool! wool, you scoundrel! close every door and window in the house; call all the servants together in the dining-room; we're going to have one of the worst tempests that ever raised!"

Wool flew to do his bidding.

"Mrs. Condiment, mum," said the old man, striding into the sitting-room—"Mrs. Condiment, mum, tell Miss Black to come down from her room until the storm is over; the upper chambers of this old house are not safe in a tempest. Well, mum, why don't you go, or send Pitapat?"

"Major Warfield, sir, I'm very sorry, but Miss Black has not come in yet," said Mrs. Condiment, who for the last half hour had suffered extreme anxiety upon account of Capitola.

"Not come in yet! Demmy, mum! do you tell me she has *gone out?*" cried Old Hurricane, in a voice of thunder, gathering his brows into a dark frown, and striking his cane angrily upon the floor.

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to say she rode out about an hour ago and has not returned," said Mrs. Condiment, summoning all her firmness to meet Old Hurricane's "roused wrath."

"MA'AM! you venture to stand there before MY face and tell ME composedly that you permitted Miss Black to go off alone in the face of such a storm as this?" roared Old Hurricane.

"Sir, I could not help it!" said the old lady.

"Demmy, mum, you *should* have helped it! A woman of *your* age to stand there and tell me that she could not prevent a young creature like Capitola from going out alone in the storm!"

"Major Warfield, could *you* have done it?"

"Me? Demmy, I should think so! but that is not the question! You——"

He was interrupted by a blinding flash of lightning, followed immediately by an awful peal of thunder and a sudden fall of rain.

Old Hurricane sprung up as though he had been shot off his chair, and trotted up and down the floor exclaiming—

"And she! she out in all this storm! Mrs.

Condiment, mum, you deserve to be ducked! Yes, mum, you do! Wool! Wool! you diabolical villain!"

"Yes, marse, yes, sir, here I is!" exclaimed that officer, in trepidation, as he appeared in the doorway. "De windows and doors, sir, is all fastened close, and de maids are all in the dining-room as you ordered, and——"

"Hang the maids and the doors and windows, too! who the demon cares about them? How dared you, you knave, permit your young mistress to ride, unattended, in the face of such a storm, too! Why didn't you go with her, sir?"

"'Deed, marse——"

"Don't 'deed marse' *me*, you atrocious villain! Saddle a horse quickly, inquire which road your mistress took, and follow and attend her home safely—after which I intend to break every bone in your skin, sirrah! So——"

Again he was interrupted by a dazzling flash of lightning, accompanied by a deafening roll of thunder, and followed by a flood of rain.

Wool stood appalled at the prospect of turning out in such a storm upon such a fruitless errand.

"Oh, you may stare! and roll up your eyes! but, I *mean* it, you varlet! So be off with you! go! I don't care if you should be drowned in the rain, or blown off the horse, or struck by lightning. I hope you *may* be, you knave, and I shall be rid of *one* villain! OFF, you varlet, or——" Old Hurricane lifted a bronze statuette to hurl at Wool's delinquent head, but that functionary dodged and ran out in time to escape a blow that might have put a period to his mortal career.

But let no one suppose that honest Wool took the road that night! He simply ran down stairs and hid himself comfortably in the lowest regions of the house, there to tarry until the storms, social and atmospheric, should be over.

Meanwhile the night deepened—the storm raged without, and Old Hurricane raged within! The lightening flashed, blaze upon blaze, with blinding glare! The thunder broke, crash upon crash, with deafening roar! The wind gathering all its force cannonaded the old walls as though it would batter down the house! The rain fell in floods! In the midst of all, the Demon's Run, swollen to a torrent, was heard like the voice of a "roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour!"

Old Hurricane strode up and down the floor, groaning, swearing, threatening, and at every fresh blast of the storm without, breaking forth into fury!

Mrs. Condiment sat crouched in a corner, praying fervently every time the lightning blazed into the room, longing to go and join the men and maids in the next apartment, yet fearing to stir from her seat lest she should attract Old Hurricane's attention, and draw down upon herself the more terrible thunder and lightning of his wrath. But to escape Old Hurricane's violence was not in the power of mortal man or woman. Soon her very stillness exasperated him, and he broke forth upon her with—

"Mrs. Condiment, mum, I don't know how you can *bear* to sit there so quietly and listen to this storm, knowing that the poor child is exposed to it?"

"Major Warfield, would it do any good for me to jump up and trot up and down the floor, and go on as you do, even supposing I had the strength?" inquired the meek old lady, thoroughly provoked at his injustice!

"I'd like to see you show a little more feeling! You are a perfect barbarian! Oh! Cap.! my darling, where are you now! Heavens! what a blast was that! enough to shake the house about our ears! I wish it *would!* blamed if I don't!"

"Oh Major! Major! don't say such awful things, nor make such awful wishes!" said the appalled old lady—"you don't know *what* you might bring down upon us!"

"No, nor *care!* if the old house should tumble in, it would bury under its ruins a precious lot of good-for-nothing people, unfit to live! Heavens! what a flash of lightning! Oh, Cap., Cap., my darling, where are you in this storm? Mrs. Condiment, mum! if any harm comes to Capitola this night, I'll have you indicted for manslaughter!"

"Major Warfield, if it is all on Miss Black's account that you are raving and raging so, I think it is quite vain of you! for *any* young woman caught out in a storm would know enough to get into shelter; especially would Miss Black, who is a young lady of great courage and presence of mind, as we know. She has surely gone into some house, to remain until the storm is over," said Mrs. Condiment, soothingly.

This speech, so well intended, exasperated Old Hurricane more than all the rest; stopping and striking his cane upon the floor, he roared forth—

"Hang it, mum! hold your foolish old tongue! You know nothing about it! Capitola is exposed to more serious dangers than the elements! Perils of all sorts surround her! She should *never*, rain or shine, go out alone! Oh, the little villain! the little wretch! the little demon! if EVER I get her safe in this house again, WON'T I lock her up and keep her on bread and water until she learns to behave herself!"

Here again a blinding flash of lightning, a deafening peal of thunder, a terrific blast of wind and flood of rain suddenly arrested his speech.

"Oh, my Cap.! my dear Cap.! I needn't threaten you! I shall never have the chance to be cruel to you again—never! You'll perish in this terrible storm, and then—and then my tough old heart will break! it will—it will, Cap.! But demmy, before it does, I'll break the necks of every man and woman in this house, old and young! Hear it, Heaven and earth, for I'll do it!"

All things must have an end. So, as the hours passed on, the storm having spent all its fury, gradually grumbled itself into silence.

Old Hurricane also raged himself, into a state of exhaustion so complete, that when the midnight hour struck he could only drop into a chair and murmur—

"Twelve o'clock, and no news of her yet!"

And then unwillingly he went to bed, attended by Mrs. Condiment and Pitapat instead of Wool, who was supposed to be out in search of Capitola, but who was, in fact, fast sleep on the floor of a dry cellar.

Meanwhile, where did this midnight hour find Capitola?

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HIDDEN HOLLOW.

> On every side the aspect was the same,
> All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage,
> No hand or foot within the precinct came
> To rectify or ravage!
> Here Echo never mocked the human tongue;
> Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon,
> A secret curse on that old Building hung
> And its deserted Garden! HOOD'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Cap. was a bit of a Don Quixote! The stirring incidents of the last few months had spoiled her; the monotony of the last few weeks had bored her; and now she had just rode out in quest of adventures.

The Old Hidden House, with its mysterious traditions, its gloomy surroundings and its haunted reputation, had always possessed a powerful attraction for one of Cap.'s adventurous spirit. To seek and gaze upon the sombre house, of which, and of whose inmates, such terrible stories had been told or hinted, had always been a secret desire and purpose of Capitola.

And now the presence there of a beautiful girl near her own age was the one last item that tipped the balance, making the temptation to ride thither outweigh every other consideration of duty, prudence and safety. And having once started on the adventure, Cap. felt the attraction drawing her towards the frightful hollow of the Hidden House growing stronger with every step taken thitherward.

She reached the banks of the "Demon's Run," and took the left hand road down the stream until she reached the left point of the Horse-Shoe Mountain, and then going up around the point, she kept close under the back of the range until she had got immediately in the rear of the round bend of the "Horse Shoe," behind Hurricane Hall.

"Well," said Cap., as she drew rein here, and looked up at the lofty ascent of gray rocks that concealed Hurricane Hall, "to have had to come such a circuit around the outside of the 'Horse Shoe,' to find myself just at the back of our old house, and no farther from home than this! There's as many doubles and twists in these mountains as there are in a lawyer's discourse!—There! Gyp, you needn't turn back again and pull at the bridle, to tell me that there is a storm coming up and that you want to go home! I have no more respect for your opinion than I have for Mrs. Condiment's. Besides, you carry a damsel-errant in quest of adventures, Gyp! and so you must on, Gyp! you must on!" said Capitola, forcibly pulling her horse's head around, and then taking a survey of the downward path.

It was a scene fascinating from its very excess of gloom and terror!

It was a valley so deep and dark as to merit the name of the hollow, or hole, but for its great extent and its thick growth of forest, through which spectral-looking rocks gleamed, and moaning waters could be heard but not seen.

"Now, somewhere in that thick forest, in the bottom of that vale, stands the house—well called the Hidden House, since not a chimney of it can be seen even from this commanding hight! But I suppose this path that leads down into the valley may conduct me to the building! Come along, Gyp! You needn't turn up your head and pull at the bit! You've got to go! I am bound this night to see the outside of the Hidden House, and the window of the haunted chamber at the very least!" said Cap., throwing her eyes up defiantly towards the darkening sky, and putting whip to her unwilling horse.

As the path wound down into the valley the woods were found deeper, thicker and darker. It occupied all Cap.'s faculties to push her way through the overhanging and interlacing branches of the trees.

"Good gracious," she said, as she used her left arm rather vigorously to push aside the obstructions to her path, "one would think this were the enchanted forest containing the castle of the sleeping beauty, and I was the knight destined to deliver her! I'm sure it wouldn't have been more difficult."

Still deeper fell the path, thicker grew the forest and darker the way.

"Gyp, I'm under the impression that we shall have to turn back yet!" said Cap., dolefully stopping in the midst of a thicket so dense that it completely blockaded her farther progress in the same direction. Just as she came to this very disagreeable conclusion she spied an opening on her left, from which a bridle-path struck out. With an exclamation of joy, she immediately turned her horse's head and struck into it. This path was very rocky, but in some degree clearer than the other, and she went on quickly, singing to herself, until gradually her voice began to be lost in the sound of many rushing waters.

"It must be the Devil's Punch Bowl I am approaching!" she said to herself, as she went on.

She was right. The roaring of the waters grew deafening, and the path became so rugged with jagged and irregularly piled rocks, that Cap. could scarcely keep her horse upon his feet in climbing over them. And suddenly, when she least looked for it, the great natural curiosity—the Devil's Punch Bowl—burst upon her view!

It was an awful abyss, scooped out as it were from the very bowels of the earth, with its steep sides rent open in dreadful chasms, and far down in its fearful depths a boiling whirlpool of black waters.

Urging her reluctant steed through a thicket of stunted thorns and over a chaos of shattered rocks, Capitola approached as near as she safely could to the brink of this awful pit. So absorbed was she in gazing upon this terrible phenomenon of natural scenery that she had not noticed, in the thicket on her right, a low hut that, with its brown-green moldering colors, fell so naturally in with the hue of the surrounding scenery as easily to escape observation. She did not even observe that the sky was entirely overcast, and the thunder was muttering in the distance. She was aroused from her profound reverie by a voice near her asking—

"Who are you, that dares to come without a guide to the Devil's Punch Bowl?"

Capitola looked around, and came nearer screaming than she ever had been in her life, upon seeing the apparition that stood before her. Was it man, woman, beast, or demon? She could not tell! It was a very tall, spare form, with a black cloth petticoat tied around the waist, a blue coat buttoned over the breast, and a black felt hat tied down with a red handkerchief, shading the darkest old face she had ever seen in her life.

"Who are you, I say, who comes to the Devil's Punch Bowl without leave or license?" repeated the frightful creature, shifting her cane from one hand to the other.

"*I?* I am Capitola Black, from Hurricane Hall; but who, in the name of all the fates and furies, are *you?*" inquired Capitola, who, in getting over the shock, had recovered her courage.

"I am Harriet the Seeress of Hidden Hollow!" replied the apparition, in a melo-dramatic manner that would not have discredited the queen of tragedy herself. "You have heard of me?"

"Yes, but I always heard you called Old Hat., the Witch," said Cap.

"The world is profane—give me your hand!" said the beldame, reaching out her own to take that of Capitola.

"Stop! is your hand clean? It looks very black!"

"Cleaner than yours will be when it is *stained with blood*, young maiden."

"Tut!—if you insist on telling my fortune, tell me a pleasant one, and I will pay you double," laughed Capitola.

"The fates are not to be mocked. Your destiny will be that which the stars decree. To prove to you that I know this, I tell you that you are not what you have been!"

"You've hit it this time, old lady! for I was a baby once and now I am a young girl!" said Cap., laughing.

"You will not continue to be that which you are NOW!" pursued the hag, still attentively reading the lines of her subject's hand.

"Right again! for if I live long enough, I shall be an old woman."

"You bear a name thaty ou will not bear long!"

"I think that quite a safe prophecy, as I haven't the most distant idea of being an old maid!"

"This little hand of yours—this dainty woman's hand—will be—red with blood!"

"Now, do you know, I don't doubt *that* either? I believe it altogether probable that I shall have to cook my husband's dinner and kill the chickens for his soup!"

"Girl, beware! you deride the holy stars!—and already they are adverse to you!" said the hag, with a threatening glare.

"Ha-ha-ha! I *love* the beautiful stars but do not *fear* them! I fear only Him who made the stars!"

"Poor butterfly, listen and beware!—you are destined to imbrue that little hand in the life current of one who loves you the most of all on earth! You are destined to rise by the destruction of one who would shed his heart's best blood for you!" said the beldame, in an awful voice.

Capitola's eyes flashed! She advanced her horse a step or two nearer the witch, and raised her riding whip, saying—

"I protest if you were only a man, I should lay this lash over your wicked shoulders until my arms ached! How dare you? Faith, I don't wonder that in the honest old times, such pests as you were cooled in the ducking pond! Good gracious, that must have made a hissing and spluttering in the water, though!"

"Blasphemer! pay me and be gone!"

"*Pay you?* I tell you I would if you were only a man! but it would be sinful to pay a wretched old witch in the only way *you* deserve to be paid!" said Cap., flourishing her riding-whip before a creature tall enough and strong enough to have doubled up her slight form together and hurled it into the abyss.

"Gold! gold!" said the hag curtly, holding out black and talons-like fingers, which she worked convulsively.

"Gold! gold indeed! for such a wicked fortune! not a penny!" said Cap.

"Ho! you're stingy; you do not like to part with the yellow demon that has bought the souls of all your house!"

"Don't I?—you shall see! There! if you want gold, go fish it from the depth of the whirlpool," said Cap., taking her purse and casting it over the precipice.

This exasperated the crone to phrenzy!

"Away! Begone!" she cried, shaking her long arm at the girl. "Away! Begone! the fate pursues you! the badge of blood is stamped upon your palm!"

"'*Fee—faw—fum!*'——" said Cap.

"Scorner! beware! the curse of the crimson hand is upon you!"

——"'*I smell the blood of an Englishman*'——" continued Cap.

"Derider of the fates, you are foredoomed to crime!"

——"'*Be he alive or be he dead, I'll have his brains to butter my bread!*'" concluded Cap.

"BE SILENT!" shrieked the beldame.

"I won't!" said Cap., "because you see, if we are in for the *horrible*, I can beat you hollow at *that!*"

> 'Avaunt! and quit my sight!
> Let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless! Thy blood is cold!
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with!'"

"Begone! you're doomed! doomed! doomed!" shrieked the witch, retreating into her hut.

Cap laughed and stroked the neck of her horse, saying—

"Gyp, my son, that was old Nick's wife who was with us just this instant; and now, indeed, Gyp, if we are to see the Hidden House this afternoon, we must get on!"

And so saying, she followed the path that wound half way around the Punch Bowl, and then along the side of a little mountain torrent called the spout,—which rising in an opposite mountain, leaped from rock to rock, with many a sinuous turn, as it wound through the thicket that immediately surrounded the Hidden House—until it finally jetted through a subterranean channel into the Devil's Punch Bowl.

Capitola was now, unconsciously, upon the very spot, where, seventeen years before, the old nurse had been forcibly stopped and compelled to attend the unknown lady.

As Capitola pursued the path that wound lower and lower into the dark valley, the gloom of the thicket deepened. Her thoughts ran on all the horrible traditions connected with the Hidden House and Hollow—the murder and robbery of the poor peddler; the mysterious assassination of Eugene Le Noir; the sudden disappearance of his youthful widow; the strange sights and sounds reported to be heard and seen about the mansion; the spectral light at the upper gable window; the white form seen flitting through the chamber; the pale lady that in the dead of night, drew the curtains of a guest that once had slept there; and above all, Capitola thought of the beautiful, strange girl, who was now an inmate of that sinful and accursed house! And while these thoughts absorbed her mind, suddenly, in a turning of the path, she came full upon the gloomy building.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DISENCHANTED.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

> "What a goodly outside falsehood hath."

Horace Lynde sat waiting in a handsome parlor. He had sent up his letter of introduction to Miss Clyde, and was every moment expecting her entrance. He not only did not know the lady, but he had never even seen her as a stranger. He lived in a distant city, from whence he had just arrived. Mentioning to one of his most intimate friends his proposed sojourn in N., and his regret at the fact that he was so utterly a stranger there that isolation must surely follow his removal, this friend had offered him several letters of introduction, among which he had obtained from his sisters the one which had just been placed in the hands of Regina Clyde.

"I shall tell you nothing about my friend, Regina," said Miss A., as she handed the dainty, perfumed note to Horace Lynde. "I wish you to form an unbiased opinion, which, as the sole return you can make for the introduction, you will please impart to me when formed."

Mr. Lynde acceded to the terms imposed, with cheerfulness; but it must be confessed that he waited with unusual trepidation for the appearance of Miss Clyde, on the morning he had chosen for his call. The ignorance in which he had been left of all that concerned her, had so clothed her in mystery, as to add an inexpressible charm to his vague anticipations of pleasure in her acquaintance, anticipations which he now felt in such haste to realize, that the few moments of delay seemed to drag themselves into hours.

Perhaps Miss A. had forseen the effect of her little mystery. If not, nothing could have been more sure to transform the thoughtful, sagacious Horace Lynde, who had been ice and marble to all female fascinations up to the mature age of thirty, into a lover expectant of an extremely vague ideal, that took on a dozen different forms daily. It was strange, he thought, as he sat there listening for the rustle of womanly garments on the staircase that lay just beyond the open door, how his heart, that had never quickened at the flutter of muslin or silken drapery, now throbbed and hurtled the swift blood through his burning veins. He felt a little foolish and half-angry. Had he been ten years younger he might have fled the house, rather than endure another five minutes of that expectation.

To calm himself, he rose and began looking at the pictures that graced the walls. A few landscapes, noticeable only for faulty coloring and gorgeous frames, were passed hastily, and then his eye fell upon a picture that hung above the chimney in the mellow gloom of the half-darkened apartment.

A female head of exquisite yet weird beauty. Dark, yet glowing. Raven hair streaming backward, as if borne by soft breezes, and enmeshed in a gauzy, amber-hued drapery. Eyes that sparkled, yet had an unfathomable light in their well-like depths. Upon the forehead a star, a single, pale star, and floating away from the shadowed bust, an amber-hued scarf, whose ends melted into sapphire, and were flecked with tiny stars.

"It is a fancy piece," he thought, half-aloud, as he gazed upon the exquisitely beautiful features, the complexion, dark yet glowing, the straight nose that melted into the softly arched brow, the ripe, red lips where tiny loves nestled, but where mortal fixed no sensuous thought. "No woman was ever half so lovely. It is the Queen of Night. Or can it be she? Her name is Regina. Can some fanciful artist have represented her thus! Regina——"

"Mr. Lynde?" a soft voice said at his elbow.

He turned quickly. Absorbed in the picture he had heard no one enter, yet by his side stood the very counterpart of the pictured face he had been gazing upon. Not in cloud-like drapery, with a star-crown upon her brow, but with raven curls floating about the exquisite features, a smile lighting up the beautiful eyes with a new loveliness, and parting the red lips to discover the pearly teeth within.

"Mr. Lynde, I am happy to see you. My friend Susie's letter would ensure you a welcome even had I not heard of you before from the G.'s and the L.'s, whom I met last summer at the White Mountains."

Horace bowed and stammered. For once in his life he was disconcerted. The lady, as ladies always are under such circumstances, was provokingly cool and self-possessed.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Lynde, and tell me everything about the dear A.'s. I so long to hear of them—that is"—with a wicked, little smile, "if you would not prefer looking at my picture to talking with the original. Pray do not let me interrupt your devotions at the shrine of Art."

The slight tone of banter in this last remark, recalled him to himself.

"We may admire Art," he said, bowing, and with so pointed an emphasis that the lady felt the blood flush her olive cheek, "but we worship Nature, the perfection of the great Artist's work."

He sat down near her, and for half an hour the two talked of the friends they mutually loved—she leaning back upon the crimson sofa that formed a fine relief for the exquisite head, and the soft drapery of her rosy-gray morning-dress that displayed that perfection of a lady's home toilet—a snowy skirt and collar and sleeves.

Horace was a little bewildered by such unexpected beauty and graciousness, but the two had become almost friends as they talked of those whom their mutual esteem made a bond between them, before the entrance of Miss Clyde's father and mother turned the current of conversation.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Lynde. Happy to see you, sir. When did you arrive? From P., eh? Friend of the A.'s. You're welcome for their sake, and for your own, sir. We often heard the G.'s and L.'s speak of you, last summer. So you are not a stranger after all, eh, wife?" was Mr. Clyde's greeting.

And Mrs. Clyde, whose small, spare figure and faded face, though retaining traces of beauty, were the veriest opposites of her husband's burliness, and rosy, healthy age, echoed his welcome in soft motherly tones, and Horace felt himself at once at home in the friendly circle.

"Used to live in P., ourselves, Mr. Lynde," said Mr. Clyde, at parting. "So you see we are glad to see people from our old home. Come and dine with us to-day, at five. No? Engaged eh? Well, to-morrow, then? Eh, wife, will you give Mr. Lynde a knife and fork, to-morrow?"

From such a cordial welcome, for the wife's and daughter's smiles seconded the father's words, an intimacy was sure to follow. A fortnight had not elapsed before Horace Lynde found himself a daily visitor at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Clyde, going in and out at all hours with friendly unceremony, attending Miss Clyde on her walks and drives, reading to her at home and treated by her more as an old friend than the acquaintance of a few days.

Horace was completely fascinated. There could be but one end to such a pleasant romance. Long before his six months' sojourn in N. was ended, he was the betrothed lover of the beautiful Regina, almost overwhelmed with his happiness, and daily blessing the Providence that had led him to the presence of one so lovely and beloved. And when, the business completed which brought him to N., he returned to the city where his home lay, Regina accompanied him as his bride.

They had a pleasant wedding, a happy bridal-tour, a joyous welcome from numerous friends in their own home. For a time they were surrounded by guests, and friends who came to give them joy of their beautiful new life, and happy prospects. And Horace almost wondered, at times, that his friends should so follow them with wishes that seemed sure of fullfilment. Was it possible that he could ever be aught than happy with Regina, his peerless bride? The very wishes, sincere and heartfelt as they were, for his happiness, carried in their expression a possibility of a darker fate. And thus, at times, while he listened and smilingly replied, his heart rebelled against the implied insult to the lovely woman who had honored him above all others by making him the guardian of her fate. As yet he was dwelling in an enchanted Palace.

The wiles of the sorceress were around him. Her glamour was upon his eyes. Her chains upon his will.

But he was not to remain long disenchanted.

They were at a party a few weeks after they had settled in their home. Mrs. Lynde was, as usual, the belle of the evening. She never belied her name. Everywhere she reigned queen, by her sovereign loveliness making all men her subjects, and all women her hand-maidens. So, at least, Horace Lynde then proudly believed, and loved to believe.

He was standing apart, gazing at her as she stood gaily conversing, the center of a charmed group of gentlemen, when the voices of some persons conversing just within the door upon whose lintel he leaned, caught his attention. He had caught his own name, and would have moved away, but that the words which followed enchained him to the spot, and left him no power to go.

"'Mrs. Lynde, eh?" said the first voice. "I knew she would be Mrs. Something ere the year was out. 'Tis scarcely ten months since Jamieson jilted her, and you say she is a bride of two months. Pretty sharp practice, that, I should say?"

"But are you quite sure that Jamieson did jilt her?" was asked in another voice, whose tones were not strange to Horace.

"Quite sure; for, oddly enough, I was the confidant of both parties, being employed in the not particularly pleasant character of 'friend' by both, to effect the exchange of letters and souvenirs, after I had tried that of 'mediator' in vain."

"She looks so innocent and lovely, one would scarcely dream that she had passed through such an experience, or could transfer her affections so quickly and so easily."

"True, but those deep-eyed women are not to be trusted. If I am not more mistaken than I am wont to be, she loves Jamieson still, and has only married Horace Lynde to show him that his power over her is lost. Hark ye. Bend nearer, for I must not whisper such a secret aloud. Not six months have passed since I saw a letter of hers to Jamieson, so imploring, so full of the most humiliating self-abasement, that I am not ashamed to say it made me weep, adjuring him to tell her if he had yet one spark of love for her, or if anywhere in the future there lay a hope of reconcilation. She told him that she had a lover whom her parents wished her to marry, who was unexceptionable, but whom she did not love. I remember her words. 'I like him—this man; he is too good and noble to be the dupe of a disappointed girl, of a loveless marriage; but if *you* have utterly forsaken me, *he* must be the victim of my pride, that the world may never know how I have mourned over your desertion. One word from you will make me say no, before it is too late. If you are silent, the unhappiness of two lives will hang upon your silence!' And she told him, further, that she had retained the locket containing his hair and cypher, which, with her own false lips, she had assured me was lost—had kept it because it was a part of himself, and never, never till her dying day would yield it up, but when she died it should be buried with her."

These words had been spoken very low, but Horace had not lost one of them, as he stood there, his eyes fixed upon the beautiful syren who had made his honest love the stepping-stone of her pride. Faint and sick, he listened still.

"What answer did Jamieson return?"

"Her letter only, without comment. He believes her utterly unprincipled, crafty, a beautiful delusion, with no truth or honesty in her whole being."

"What a fate for such a man as Horace Lynde! He says she has been painted as the Queen of Night. Her name is Regina, you know. Appropriate, isn't it, to her dark and sparkling beauty, and the gloomy secret of her heart?"

The friends moved away, and Horace stood alone. All around him breathed the incense of flowers. The rich music of the band, to whose tones the light feet of the dancers were moving in another room, was swelling and falling upon the air. Jewels flashed, and plumes waved, and costly robes rustled. Beautiful women and stately men were all around him. But he saw nothing, heeded nothing but Regina. An hour ago she had been to him queen of light, and life, and love! Now how vile, how false, how utterly without beauty or comeliness! The heart that had throbbed upon his bosom was beating for another! The love-tones that had melted on his ear had all been uttered for another! The hand he had clasped with pride and joy had been rejected, thrust away as some vile thing, by another! The vows she had spoken at the altar, binding her life to his, had been pledged to one who scorned them!

And he, he who had loved her so truly, believed in her so fully, had been thus deceived; thus deluded—a dupe, a dishonored dupe, the victim of a false woman's wicked pride!

Horace Lynde was disenchanted. The scales fell from his eyes, and he saw Regina as she was—beautiful but false, wily, wilful, trampling, in her pride, on all obstructions; welcoming his love with lying lips and delusive caresses, and dishonoring him with the heart that had long since been given to another!

Horace Lynde's brief day of happiness was ended. That night he told Regina all he had heard. At first, with pale, false lips, she strove to deny the charge. But he had learned too much to be deceived by her protestations. He demanded the locket, which contained Jamieson's hair, and his address. He enclosed the one to the other, saying only—

"You have made me the victim of your pride, Regina; it becomes me to see that you neither dishonor me nor yourself. As your husband, I am the legal guardian of your honor and peace. That duty I shall fulfil; but henceforth I shall demand of you no other right that should have been mine, but a discontinuance of any intercourse that shall make my name, which you have assumed, a mark for such scornful mention as I have heard to-night."

Regina promised, for she was utterly humiliated. Until then she had not known how much of her heart had been given to Horace Lynde. The words that cast her forever from his love, first revealed to her how much dearer he was to her than the man to whom she had clung with fond, girlish passion, and for whose sake, even when he had humiliated her, she had risked her truth and honor.

Horace was disenchanted. Thenceforth Regina was treated by him with all the outward observances of respect, and the world saw nothing in his manner that indicated the terrible secret which was destroying his happiness.

Years have passed since that night. Both are sadly changed; but one who loves, both predicts that Regina's sincere affection, and earnest endeavor to fulfil well all the duties of her anomalous position, will at length touch the heart so long steeled against her; and that happiness will again dawn upon the long suffering husband, and the repentant wife.

VEGETABLE DIET.

One of our ex-governors, being on a certain occasion asked by a lady, herself a vegetarian, what he thought of vegetable diet, replied politely that it was "very good," but immediately qualified the admission by adding, "very good —*for supper*, Madam." The ex-governor was right. A light meal in the evening is clearly a good thing, but it was never intended that we should live entirely without animal food. All flesh-eating creatures have teeth of a peculiar formation, and as man has the dentals requisite for the mastication of beef-steaks, we may presume, upon the principle that nothing is made in vain, that he was intended to devour them. We say nothing of his natural tastes and instincts, for these are frequently perverted, otherwise there would be none of that "vegetable diet" called tobacco used in the world.

Of course we have no quarrel with Vegetarians. This is a free country, and every man has a perfect right to *Nebuchadnezzarize*, if he prefers grazing to feeding like a semi-carnivorous animal, and mixing beef with his potatoes. But he does *not* prefer it. The man of roots and fruits seldom sticks to his diet through life. He relapses and betakes him again to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Sylvester Graham, inventor of the illustrious biscuit that bears his sirname, was an exception to the general rule. He adhered to bran to the last, we believe. Possibly that was the reason why he died in the prime of life. On the other hand, Franklin tried the vegetable kingdom as his foraging ground, and abandoned it in disgust, celebrating his renunciation of Vegetarianism by devouring a whole joint or a roast pig, we forget which, at a single meal.

Among the multitudes who read the LEDGER, there are unquestionably conscientious Vegetarians, who never taste meat. Now, we appeal to these if the fragrance of broiled chicken at breakfast time, the rich odor of a well-cooked sirloin at the dinner hour, is not a severe trial to their principles? And do they not feel what the empirics call an "all-goneness" about the digestive organs, after dining on such unsubstantial provender as, say fried parsnips? If *no* is the answer to both these questions, they will please accept our congratulations, mixed up, we must confess, with no small share of astonishment and envy.

THE STREET BEGGAR.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shake not your glossy curls with a "no,"
As you sit in the warm and rosy glow
Twixt your hearth and pictured wall;
Ah, my lady, you do not know
How folk feel with their feet in the snow,
And no bright fire at all.

A sixpence! that you will never miss
See what a baby you have to kiss,
Honor and wealth to prove;
Ah, my lady, you cannot guess
How folk feel in a night like this
With no little child to love.

From house to house I have gone all day—
"Nothing for beggars," is all they say,
Though a banquet waiting stands;
Ah, you never have known the way
Poor folk feel when their heads are gray
And palsy shaking their hands.

For sake of charity say not, "no."
I am almost famished—I cannot go—
I must steal or starve—and why?
Because, my lady, you do not know
How folk feel with their feet in the snow,
Turned out from your fires, to die.

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A COWARD IN A CORNER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Philip McWayne followed the sea until he was nearly forty years of age, having, during the last ten years of his service, owned the ship which he commanded. When in his fortieth year he became smitten by the charms of a blooming, laughter-loving damsel, and straightway he proposed that she should become his wife. She said she would do it on one condition: He must find him a home upon the land, and live in it. She could not think of having a husband away nearly all the time. The captain took the matter into serious consideration. Why should he go to sea any more? He had money enough—more than he could ever spend in any legitimate manner—and a happy, loving wife was more tempting than the ocean. So he sold his ship, bought him a house, invested seventy-five thousand dollars in the best of bank stock, and then claimed his wife. Of course she did not refuse him. She was much younger than he was, but she loved him, nevertheless, and was a true and faithful companion unto him. One daughter was born to them, whom they named Florence; and when this daughter was six years of age the wife and mother died. Philip McWayne was deeply grieved, but it was not a part of his nature to mourn much over those evils which were beyond his control, and ere long he was moving in the social world as usual. He was rough and unpolished in his manners, and very stubborn; but his natural goodness of heart made him many friends.

The citizens of the town started a military company, and Capt. McWayne told them that when they could muster fifty men who were fit for soldiers, he would present them with fifty full uniforms, of any pattern they might choose, and also furnish them with a good armory. The company was formed, as had been prescribed, and it was called the McWAYNE GUARD. After this the captain became deeply interested in military matters. In process of time there was a vacancy in the Division—a major general was to be elected. The name of Philip McWayne was sent to the Legislature, and he was duly elected to the high office. He was Major General of the Fifth Division of the State Militia. GENERAL McWAYNE was proud and happy. He purchased a superb uniform, bought a noble horse, and, at the respectable age of fifty-six, he became fired with martial zeal and ardor. Wouldn't there be war? Couldn't somebody do something to somebody else, so that somebody's government might get into a row with our government, and the State Militia be called to arms and to battle? So yearned the general's soul. He would like to lead his brave division on to glorious victory. He absolutely longed to cut off the head of a villanous enemy, and run his new, bright blade clean through the body of an opposing commander-in-chief. In short, he did infinite credit to the sagacity of those who had selected him for the office; for he loved the title, he loved the honor, and he was full of the true spirit of the warlike station.

And during all this time Florence was growing to be a beautiful woman. She was the pride of her old father's heart, and the particular light of many a social circle. When she was seventeen years of age she selected a companion from among the numerous youths who wished to wait upon her. Her preference fell upon Albert Longley, a young man who had been her schoolmate and playmate, and whom she had learned to love, not only from the impulse of that mystic tendency of the heart to give itself away on the first favorable opportunity, but also for the many good and sterling qualities which he possessed. He had just closed his third year at college, and though his father was but an ordinary tradesman, yet his prospects were flattering.

When Florence was nineteen years old Albert had graduated with honor, and was studying law. When he was admitted to the bar he proposed for the maiden's hand. But, alas! there was trouble in the camp, and things looked dark and threatening.

A man, calling himself Captain Alexander Savage, had moved into the town, and taken quarters at the tavern. He was a tall, well-formed man, some five-and thirty years of age, with a dark, bronzed complexion, and a very fair outline of features—though his eye lacked the luster, and his lip the firmness, of a true-hearted, brave man. But his tongue made up all deficiencies. He could talk most wondrously, and he could strut and swagger like a lion-hero. He wore a sort of undress military coat and pants of fine blue cloth, with bright, spread-eagle buttons, and sported a golden tassel upon his jaunty cap. He talked of purchasing a place upon which to settle, and he professed to be looking around with that object in view. He even went so far as to ask the price of several fine residences, but he made no final proposition. Some of the knowing ones said he was an adventurer, and one man gave it as his deliberate opinion that the fellow was a humbug.

Captain Alexander Savage very soon made the acquaintance of General McWayne, and was not long in finding out the old man's weak spot. He saw Florence, and called her the most charming creature he had ever seen. He knew something of the general's bank-account, but upon that particular subject he made no remark; only he did occasionally make reference to extensive accounts which he kept with banks in some of the Southern States. At the end of a week he had become very intimate with the old gentleman, and made himself perfectly free and at home at the mansion. He told the most wonderful stories that were ever heard. He said he had been in the Brazilian service, and had enjoyed the confidence of Don Pedro. He had been in a hundred and forty-seven battles, in over ninety of which he had held chief command; and the final settlement of all Brazilian troubles was probably due almost entirely to his untiring exertions, and unflinching courage. He had, with his own good sword, slain two hundred enemies in a single day; and once he had cut his way alone through a full division of opposing cavalry. He had captured a battery single-handed, and had seventeen horses shot under him in one afternoon. But the prodigies of valor which he had done were beyond recounting. He reverenced Alexander, Napoleon, and Ney; and worshiped George Washington. He would like to spill his blood for his country; and he would almost be willing to kick up a row with old John Bull for that especial purpose. And then the amount of dueling he had done! He had slain a great many men in that way. He was sorry to be thus called into the field, but he could not have a stain upon his honor, even though it took blood to wash it out.

He had taken the old general by storm, and he followed up his advantage. McWayne believed that he was a hero, and he felt honored with his company. By and by Captain Savage had the audacity to propose for the hand of Florence, and the old man swore he should have her. People wondered how he could be so blind and foolish; but those who thus wondered did not know his weakness. They forgot that he was quite old; that the best part of his life had been spent at sea, among rough, uncultivated men; and that his military honor and ardor had come upon him just as he was verging towards the mellow, impressible season of second childhood. The truth was, he was just the right sort of a man to be effectually worked upon by a fellow of the *soi disant* captain's character and abilities. He had become a hero-worshiper; and as he firmly believed his guest to be a real live hero, he could not do less than worship him. So, while he looked upon Alexander Savage as a bold and fearless man, he was determined that he should marry with his daughter; and he sent word to Albert Longley that he might discontinue his visits.

But Florence was most decidedly opposed to this arrangement. She loved Albert with the whole force of her heart; and she despised Captain Alexander Savage with a force equally strong and hearty. She met Albert in the garden, and told him just how matters stood.

"But your father will not force you to marry with such a man against your will," said the youth.

"Ah, you don't know him," replied Florence. "He is perfectly infatuated; and unless he can be convinced that this fellow is not what he represents himself to be, no earthly power can alter his purpose."

"I believe this Savage is a lying, cowardly vagabond," asserted Albert.

"So do I," added the maiden. "But my father thinks him a hero, while he sets you down as the coward."

"Me—a coward?" cried the youth.

"Yes. He told me, only this morning, that he could not think of giving my hand to one who would lack the courage to defend me in the hour of peril, or who would hesitate to pledge his life at any moment for my honor."

"What did he mean by that?"

"Why—I suppose he meant that a husband should always be ready to challenge any man to mortal combat who should insult his wife. You know my father has always been a rough, unpolished man, with great faith in brute force; and the glowing accounts which this adventurer has given of his many duels have led him to fancy that a really brave man must be ready for a fight at any moment."

"I see—I see," muttered Albert to himself. And then he added, after a few moments of reflection: "I think this fellow is an arrant coward."

"I know he is," said Florence.

"And," pursued Albert, "I must find some way of proving this to your father."

"I wish you could."

"I will. Let me see:—I'll challenge him to fight a duel."

"O—no!" cried Florence, in alarm. "He might kill you!"

"Never fear," replied the youth, with a smile. "I don't think there is any coward blood in my veins; but still I could not be persuaded to fight a duel, for two reasons. First: I have a decided objection to being killed, and full as decided an objection to having the blood of a fellow-creature upon my hands. Secondly: I am conscientiously opposed to the practice. It is barbarous, inhuman, and wicked. But I'll take a step or two in that direction with this fellow. Don't be alarmed. Just leave it all with me. Will he be at the mansion to-morrow?"

"Yes—he'll be sure to be there."

"Then to-morrow I'll see him."

After this the lovers talked of other matters awhile, and then Albert went away to make preparations for the morrow's experiment.

General McWayne and Captain Alexander Savage were in the sitting-room. It was towards the middle of the forenoon, and the old man had just ordered some luncheon, in the shape of sandwiches and wine. Savage had finished an account of a remarkable duel he had once fought with three Spaniards, when Albert Longley was announced. The young man entered the apartment, and took a seat.

"Did you wish to see me?" asked the old general, after the usual salutations had been passed.

"Partly," returned Albert. "I came to do you a favor. I came to inform you that you are harboring a needy adventurer beneath your roof."

"How, sir!" demanded the host, with a prodigious frown. "To whom do you allude?"

"Of course I can allude to but one person," returned the youth.

"Ah!—ah-ha! You mean me—ME!" pronounced Captain Alexander, with wonderful power of self-control.

"You make a very direct application of my remark; and I must say that you evince some sagacity in your conclusion," answered Albert, with perfect composure.

"Now by the immortal gods of war!" cried the captain, with terrible emphasis, "I am well aware that thy foul aspersion is cast upon myself! Coward—craven—thou can'st not deny it!"

"I'm very sure I shall not deny it," calmly replied the young man.

"General, permit me to cast this foul dog—this lying knave—forth into the street!" exclaimed Savage, with his fists clenched.

"Whom do you call a dog, and a knave?" asked our hero.

"You—*you*, sir!" yelled the captain.

"The man who calls me thus puts upon me an affront which nothing but blood can remove!" spoke Albert, with deep, serious emphasis, as he arose from his seat and took his hat. "I shall see you again, sir.——General, pardon me. I did not seek a quarrel with this man. I only sought to do you a favor. But let it rest. We'll finish this new matter up first." And with this the youth left the apartment.

"What does the fellow mean?" said Savage, a little uneasily, after he and his host were left alone.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the old general, who was in a state of mind bordering on astonishment.

"Does he mean to fight?" continued the captain.

"O, no. There is no fear of that," answered McWayne, confidently. "There's no fight in him."

"Perhaps he may have gone off to bring some of his friends. He may mean to mob me—to—to—overcome me by great numbers," suggested the ex-imperial-favorite, with a show of apprehension.

But the old man assured him that no such thing could be done. He swore that he would shoot the rascals himself.

However, in a little while Albert Longley returned. He entered the room without ceremony, and placed a large mahogany box upon the table.

"General McWayne," he said, in a tone of deference which conquered the old man at once, "I beg that you will pardon me for the step which I am about to take. I am forced to it, my honored sir, by circumstances beyond my control. You are a brave, generous man, and I know you will bear with me, and give me your countenance. And, let me hope that you will give us your assistance in the little work we have in hand."

Thus speaking, and without having so much as cast a glance towards the captain, the youth opened the box and took therefrom two large, handsomely mounted pistols. Then he took out a powder-flask, and proceeded to charge the weapons.

"You are getting in an extraordinary charge of powder there, for a pistol," remarked the general, who sat close by, and who had watched every movement with curious wonder.

"Never mind," replied Albert, with a look and tone of deadly meaning, at the same time driving two bullets into each of the pistols. "When this work is done, it shall be well done. No intervening pocket-book or coat-button shall stop these balls, or turn them aside from their swift message of death!"

When the weapons had been thus carefully loaded and primed, he laid them side by side upon the table, and turned to where sat Alexander Savage.

"Now, sir!" he thundered, raising himself to his full hight, and pointing to the pistols, "come forward and take your choice of those pistols. They are both loaded alike—both contain two balls—and they are both in perfect order. But still I would have you take your choice. Come on, sir!"

"But," gasped Savage, trembling at every joint, "wherefore is this?"

"Blood! blood!—to wash out the insult you have put upon me!" returned Albert. "If you are not a coward you will select your weapons."

"But—not here," cried the wretch. "You would not pollute our noble host's dwelling by such a scene."

"Our good host is too brave and generous a man to refuse us this favor," quickly returned Albert. "He has heard the provocation, and he knows that I am entitled to satisfaction. If we go out of doors all the stragglers upon the estate may be at our heels. This is the place, sir. Here the affront was given; and here reparation must be made. No man can insult me with impunity.—Come, sir—take your pistol!"

"General—my dear friend," exclaimed the captain, turning imploringly towards the old man, "will you suffer this thing to go on?"

"Why," replied McWayne, in a matter-of-fact sort of tone, "if the young man is determined, he must run his own risk. As for my furniture, or damage to my walls, I'll run all the risk of that. You used rather hard terms, captain; but the young man was not obliged to challenge you. You will not be to blame for the result."

"Ah—yes—but—to fight in so small a room—"

"Coward!" shouted our hero, "how much room would you have? 'Tis blood I want—not room! We can place twelve feet between us, and that is all sufficient."

"More than that," interposed the general, whose diseased enthusiasm had become excited to such a pitch that he was really anxious to see a fair pistol fight. "More than that. It is all of twenty feet from corner to corner."

"And that is more than enough," exclaimed Albert. "Come—select your weapon! The general shall give the word.—Only you must fire quickly, for I am a dead shot. A sparrow on the wing I account sure game."

But Captain Alexander Savage did not move from his chair. He gazed first upon his enemy, who stood towering and satanic in his unquenchable rage; then he turned a beseeching glance upon his host; and then his eyes rested upon the murderous pistols, and he trembled and quaked like a wind-shaken bush.

"Miserable coward!" cried Albert, seizing one of the pistols, "I know you well. Take that other weapon, or else leave this house. In just one minute I am going to fire, and if you are in this room at that point of time my aim shall be at your heart!"

As he thus spoke he deliberately cocked the pistol, and then drew forth his watch.

"You still have time to take the other weapon, and station yourself!" he continued.

"T-t-t-take care!" gasped the terrified man, holding both his hands up before his face. "Don't aim that pistol at me! Don't!—don't!"

"I shall pull the trigger in just fifteen seconds!" said Albert, solemnly, "I shall do it, as sure as there is a heaven above us!"

Alexander could stand it no longer. He was as pale as death, and quivered at every joint. He had evidently supposed that the general would interfere; but when he found that there was no hope in that quarter, his last grain of impudence left him, and, with one spasmodic effort, he leaped from his chair, and bounded from the room. He caught his hat from the rack in the hall, and then hurried away from the house. In a few moments Albert went out and looked off down the avenue, and saw the captain just emerging into the highway. He returned to the sitting-room and put the pistols back into the case.

"General," he said, after he had shut the box up, "I think that man has deceived us."

But the old man made no reply. Albert saw that he was both amazed and bitterly chagrined, and he concluded that it was best to leave him alone for the present; so he put the pistol-case under his arm, and having very politely bade his host good-day, he took his departure.

That very afternoon Captain Alexander Savage packed up his scanty effects, and took the first stage that came along; and he was seen no more in that section.

A few days after this Albert Longley received a note from Philip McWayne, inviting him to call at the mansionn. He went, and he met the general in the sitting-room.

"Albert, my boy," the old man said, as he extended his hand, "I think that miserable rascal deceived us. I am sure he did. Egad, I almost wish he'd staid long enough, though, for you to have shot him. But never mind now. Let him go.—— Florence is in the other room. She wants to see you."

"Albert," said Florence, a few weeks after they were married, "do you know that I often tremble when I think of the experiment you tried with Captain Savage."

"Why so, dearest?"

"Why—suppose he had accepted your challenge?"

"But I knew he would not. I knew that he was an arrant coward."

"Still he might have done it from sheer fear. And if he had——"

"Well, darling."

"And shot my Albert!"

"Ah, Florence I had not been so foolish as to leave that fatal gap open. There was no powder in the pistols."

"No powder? Why—my father said you loaded them almost to the muzzles."

"So I did; but it was with a very fine variety of onion seed! I shouldn't have been so reckless with regular sulphurated, carbonated saltpetre, I assure you."

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THE man who first introduced a fanning mill in Scotland, was denounced as an atheist for getting up gales when Providence intended a calm.

A TRUE HISTORY
OF
THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

BY I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc

BOOK II.—CHAPTER VI.

MINE HOST OF MERRY MOUNT.

"Delenda est Carthago."

I would like to know by what authority any body had the audacity to bring a merry face to America in the year 1625? What though the air of spring was pregnant with the sighs of odorous blossoms, and the grand old woods were jubilant with amorous songsters! What though the skies were cloudless, and the waters danced in sun-bespangled tissue! What though the voluptuous sense of uncontrolled liberty, awakened with the dawn, and walked forth in fearless security under the dews and stars of balmy night! Were not the Pilgrims men of starch and buckram? Was it not their high calling to frown down the holiday freaks of the season? When land and sea broke out into spontaneous carnival, was it not for them to proclaim perpetual Lent? Or did anybody imagine that these stern men and women could be moved, softened and subdued by mere terrestrial beauty? As well might we expect Plymouth Rock to burst in fragrance from its stony calyx!

But there were certain adventurers, culpable enough to sympathize with these genial influences, a graceless crew of emigrants lately come over,—a set of poets, wits, and other vagabonds, headed by one Thomas Morton, Gent., and barrister of Furnival's Inn,—or in the courteous language of Governor Bradford, "a pettifogger." These fellows settled at a place upon Massachusetts Bay, about fifty miles north of Plymouth, as shall be presently related. They had come over seas, like their neighbors, to enjoy liberty of conscience, which means trading with the Indians. You probably recollect, my reader, that one Oliver Cromwell, some twenty years after this period, gives us a tolerable idea, in a letter to the governor of Ross, of what liberty of conscience meant? "As for that," he writes, "which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, *Where the Parliament of England have power*, THAT *will not be allowed of.*" So far as this, and no farther, our forefathers allowed to other sectaries liberty of conscience. But in dealing with the Indians, conscience had free will to pasture, range, and browse, uncontrolled by curb, head-stall, or bridoon bit.

But to digress from a digression, let me here observe that these side views in parenthesis, throw a powerful light upon the features of history. Just as our own artists Ames, or Healy, by a reflection of their paintings in a looking-glass, discover in a portrait new and unexpected points of resemblance. But to return to our barrister of Furnival's Inn.

One Captain Wollaston, about this time, had established a settlement, upon a certain hill in the town now known as Quincy, from whence the Quincy granite, the Quincy sore-throat, and the Lord Mayors of Boston are derived. I say, in this celebrated neighborhood,—one Captain Wollaston founded a settlement in the year 1625, which, as was the custom, he named after himself,—"Mount Wollaston." Soon after he had taken up his quarters upon the mountain, the founder desiring a warmer and more genial climate, removed with part of his forces to the unsettled territories of Virginia, by this means depriving our national genealogy of what might have been "the Wollaston family." Now among this new set of adventurers, there was one Thomas Morton, a gentleman barrister of Furnival's Inn, a gay gallant who had known Prince Charles, and that swashbuckler poet and knight, Sir John Suckling. He coming over sea, with a retinue of thirty servants, a purse filled with a goodly store of gold crowns, as well as other commodities of value, greatly enjoyed himself with the fair aspect of the country, the Indian Princesses and the oysters of Massachusetts Bay, and notwithstanding the defection of his leader determined to stay where he was. He was a fair haired youth of about seven and twenty, so one might judge from his portrait in the possession of the present Marquis of Westminster;—rather tall and slender, with a delicate moustache on his upper lip, a blush on his cheek, and a bland aristocratic air, that bespoke good breeding and gentle birth, both of which latter accomplishments, were not very popular with the early colonists. Be these as they may, at all events our young Esquire, was the founder of the democratic party in America. For as soon as Captain Wollaston had withdrawn from the settlement, this gay gallant, called together his own followers, as well as the rest of the colony, and proposed to establish a sort of Utopian republic amid the wilds of the new world. This meeting with unanimous approval, the first act of the new government was to abolish a sneaking, prying, gossiping fellow, named Fitcher or Fisher, which they did by tap of drum and a volley of boot-leather. Then feeling they were at liberty to enjoy liberty of conscience, free speech, free thought, free everything, they gave themselves up to all the enjoyments of youth and the season. Some fished, some hunted; some read the soft libidinous lays of Browning and Catullus. Some breathed softly upon the sentimental flute, in delicate groves; while others, not of romantic purpose, tried the narrower paths of commerce, and trafficked with the Indians for beads and beaver-skins. And to crown all, they erected upon Mount Wollaston a mighty May pole that would have cheered the verp cockles of the heart of Squire Bracebridge, and frisked around it like fairies, singing a song composed by their young leader—

Drink and be merry, merry, merry, boys,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys,
Io to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry May pole take a roome,
Make green garlans, bring bottles out:
And fill sweet nectar freely about;
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then drink and be merry, etc.,
Io to Hymen, &c.

Not satisfied, however, with these outrageous proceedings, they even had the audacity to change the name of the place to Merry Mount, and as Morton had written the foregoing verses, and indeed produced the whole fantastic conceit in his own brain, these mad bacchanals elected him Lord of Misrule, and obeyed him as implicitly as though he had been a chief pedagogue in a Boston free school.

As for mine host of Merry Mount, for so he called himself, he wore his honors lightly, cultivated good fellowship, poetry, history and æsthetics, and became indeed the father of that tribe of distinguished New England bards, whose writings to this day are embalmed, or will be, in the libraries of the curious.

But "*Lector mio*," imagine what a commotion this neighboring power produced in the quiet little colony of New Plymouth. Not only did it venture to anticipate Bishop Berkeley and exhibit a prospect of planting arts and sciences in America, but it even threatened to interfere with the Indian trade! And the Plymouth ladies, I promise you, old and young, married and unmarried, felt an unusual sympathy with these graceless reprobates of Merry Mount,—nay, if "Mine Host" himself had walked through Leyden street, I promise you there would have been a perking, a peeping, a flutter, which even the Elder and the Governor might have found not easy to allay.

During all this excitement, Captain Miles Standish was quietly smoking the calumet of domestic peace. To him there came no rumors of wars, no irruptions of hostile rivals! Barbara the cruel was conquered, Oldham banished. Every day the "Ancient and Honorable" turned out. Every night the captain of the "Ancient and Honorable" turned in. Little did he dream of the task that was before him. The trouble brewing under the very nose of this sagacious chieftain was no less than an expedition to besiege, lay waste and plunder the fortress of Merry Mount. You, my reader, who have read of the tremendous wars of Marlborough and Napoleon, attend while I recount what mighty subsidies were drawn from the various colonies of Massachusetts to subdue this formidable settlement. I take the items from Governor Bradford's pocket-book:

	£	s.
From Plymouth	2	10
" Naumkeak	1	10
" Pascataquack	2	10
" Mr. Jeffry, and Mr. Burslom	2	00
" Natascat	1	10
" Mrs. Thompson		15
" Mr. Blackston		12
" Edward Hilton	1	00
	12	7

A sum which, although apparently small, is comparatively great, when we reflect that it had to be raised in Massachusetts. Nevertheless, it is an indubitable fact, that it sufficed to blot out the muses for a time, until the advent of my great ancestress, Ann Bradstreet, whose poems were of a more orthodox character.

Meantime the captain smoked his pipe and the barrister wrote his history. It was a humorous book—"The History of the New English Canaan." But, my reader, humor is a kind of thunder, beneath which puritan milk never fails to turn sour. Captain Standish was the first to be touched by the flash. The barrister alluded to him as "one Captain Littleworth; a certain Captain Shrimp." Miles Standish was four feet five. Blood and thunder and Massachusetts chivalry,—twelve pounds seven shillings, in the treasury—who could stand this? Let us imagine this forefather hero, "as he drew his ringing gauntlets on;" let us imagine how his stern nature melted, as he took leave of Barbara Standish; let us look at him through the magnifying spectacles of history as he mustered his army of eight men; let us follow him along the fading perspective that leads to Merry Mount; let us contemplate the tall, pale, lathy, good-humored Barrister, Thomas Morton, writing his history of New Canaan, unsuspecting of such visitors; and above all, let us wait for the next week's LEDGER, and the next chapter.

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A FIFTH AVENUE VALENTINE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

This was tendered a fine lady,
By a page in gold and blue,
In a mansion grand and shady,
(Somewhere on Fifth Avenue,)
Post-mark on the Valentine,
——————, Feb. '59.

Silver-shined the silken paper—
Cold the lady went, and white—
Golden wax and perfumed taper
Kept the secret from her sight,
And the seal—a serpent's crest
Nestled in a lily's breast!

This she broke with trembling finger—
Ah! a fiery blush and start?
What is there to make her linger
With her hand upon her heart,
While the diamonds on her breast
Rise and fall in wild unrest?

HERMON TO MARION.

Once, the starlight's golden braid,
Mingling with your locks, fair maid,
Walking by a summer sea,
(At S——,) you plighted faith with me!

O, the solemn sea was bright
With the young moon's tender light,
And the waves in silver swells
Broke on strands of purple shells.

Ah, the woods were vague and pale,
Through the sea-fogs shifting veil,
And the fields were all aglow
With the daisy's dainty snow.

And I said—while blushes meek
Crimsoned your white brow and cheek—
When the woodlands cast their leaves,
When the reapers bind their sheaves;

When the daisy-bloom is dead,
And the apples, richly red,
In the upland orchards shine,
Will sweet Marion be mine?

(I'd been reading Alice Cary
All that day, to you and Mary,
And her lovely country rhymes
Still kept ringing their soft chimes.)

Then you looked up in my face,
With a child's bewitching grace,
And the smile I thrilled to see
Was reply enough for me.

We were walking out of reach
Of some strollers on the beach,
And my blood leap'd wild and warm,
'Neath your touch upon my arm;

When we parted how you wept!
Half a broken ring you kept,
Half you gave me—it lies here,
Sanctified by vow and tear.

I have come across the sea—
Have you no regrets for me?—
No reproaches, Marion,
For the wrong that you have done?

Brave as life, and strong as death
I have been, to keep my faith—
Not one dream has been untrue
To my loyalty—and you!

I have been a lonely man
Since our plighted lives began,
Pining 'neath the sunniest skies
For the look that's in your eyes.

For *your* sake the vilest sinner
Has had something good within her,
Something true to womankind
Through all wreck of heart and mind.

How I loved you—little girl!
Ah, this silken, sunny curl!
Many a passionate kiss untold
Lingers in its coils of gold.

And no woman ever stood
In a man's thought true and good,
Half so purely or divine
As sweet Marion in mine!

If your nature craved for *gold*,
I have garnered sums untold;
Here are pearls and flashing gems
Fit for Althea's diadems!

Many an ingot I have brought,
Many an antique jewel wrought
By the "Hidden Hand" of years—
Dim they look, through fruitless tears!

Well! reproaches are in vain—
Mine the loss and yours the gain;
I am rough—unused to smile—
And your lord "has *such* a style!"

You are married! Marion Clare—
And your fortune is so fair
I would mar it by no token
Of my peace so rudely broken.

Broken vow, and broken ring,
At your heedless feet I fling,
And, despite this boyish pain,
I *will* be a MAN again!

Farewell, Marion! Should I sneer
When of "woman's faith" I hear,
Do not blame me—blame instead
Some slight vows *your* lips once made.

◆

"PAPA, the corn's up."

"The corn's up! Why, I only planted it yesterday."

"I know that, but the hogs got in last night, and gave it a lift you hadn't counted upon."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

Our Only Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

Don't Expect it.—We are constantly receiving letters from parties whom we highly esteem and would be glad to oblige, but whose communications we cannot answer without neglecting (and thereby doing injustice to) vital matters of business. We are so loaded with labors that every moment of our time has to carry double. In fact, more work is imposed on us than four men ought to do. Therefore, we have no doubt that our friends, on giving the subject due consideration, will see how impossible it is for us to act upon our friendly impulses and answer their letters. Don't expect it of us; and don't send us any manuscripts.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person acts as such he must be a swindler.

"The Common Courtesy of a Reply."

A man who receives a letter from a stranger, on that stranger's business, is *not bound* by courtesy or by anything else to reply, although there is quite a general impression to the contrary. He has a *right* to reply, and he has a right to pay no attention to the letter whatever. He can take his choice. Were a man *bound* to reply to every letter he might receive, his whole means and life might be exhausted in such a service. Should a man receive a thousand letters daily from strangers on no business of his own, according to some people's theory he would be bound to answer every one of them, although in order to do so he would be obliged to neglect his ordinary business. The fact is, a man is not *bound* to answer any letter whatever. He can close his correspondence, or refuse to open a correspondence, with anybody, at any time, and in any manner he sees fit. Of course, a man should be as kind, and prompt, and liberal, in the matter of answering letters from strangers as the circumstances of the case will allow. But he is to be his own judge of his own affairs in that respect, as well as in any other. For our own part, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not admit that any one has a right to compel us to work gratuitously for his especial benefit with our pen, any more than he would have to compel a carpenter to do so with his plane or chisel. If "common courtesy" requires a contrary course, then "common courtesy" is *wrong*.

☞ The editor of the *National Era* may be—and doubtless is—a very honest and a very honorable man; but it strikes us that when he condemns our method of advertising the opening chapters of a story, after he discovers that his readers have become interested in the narrative, it is hardly fair for him to find fault with and censure us for his own act, especially when letters from his office have repeatedly been sent not merely to us personally, but to Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., the advertising agents, *soliciting the very kind of advertising which he condemns, and offering to insert it at low rates.* Why did not Dr. Bailey inform his readers of *these facts?* We know that he was aware of them before he wrote the article in his paper of March 31, in which he states that he has no objection to advertising whole chapters for us, provided we consent that he preface their publication with an announcement of his own. But this is not all: The *Era*, in addition, has a sneer at "thrilling" stories. Now, when we state that Dr. Bailey, the editor of the *Era*, is the man who "brought out" Mrs. Southworth, published her first novelette in his paper, has always, we understand, spoken kindly and encouragingly of her literary efforts, and that the "thrilling" chapters at which he now sneers, are taken from her story of "The Hidden Hand," we think our readers will concur with us in the opinion that he is about as *consistent* in the one case as he is *fair* in the other. In justice, however, to Doctor Bailey, we must state that he deals very extensively in the "TO-BE-CONTINUED" article himself. We are not so uncharitable as to suppose that this had any weight with him in giving expression to his disinterested views in an impartial journal. Our whole experience, in our business dealings with not a few of the editorial fraternity, would at once forbid such a conclusion.

THE AGE OF ARSENIC.

When the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who earned an eternal infamy by her poisoning propensities, was on the way to the scaffold, she suddenly remembered that in her confessions of her horrid crimes, she had forgotten to mention the circumstance of poisoning her own father. The age in which she lived, 1676, was not so famous for its poisonings as the previous century, and France, her home, was never so celebrated for exploits of this kind as Italy, where the art of poisoning was carried to its highest point. But the Marchioness de Brinvilliers remains to this day pre-eminent in her infamy from the great number of her victims, and the pleasure she seemed to take in exercising her art upon her nearest friends and relatives. Among her victims were her father, her two brothers, and her husband; but the latter saved himself by means of an antidote. The poison she used was called *aqua tofana*, and it was from an Italian she learned the art of its distillation. So determined was she in its application, and so entirely devoid of anything like human weaknesses, that she gave it to her father eight times before she succeeded in causing his death. Poison has always been the favorite instrument of taking life with women and people of timid minds, whose nerves could not endure the sight of blood, but whose consciences are proof against any prickings of remorse for the misery they inflict on others. In our day the cases of poisoning which have occurred within a short time have been fearfully frequent, and from the number of cases which have been exposed, a shuddering inference may be drawn of the number which have never been disclosed. Perhaps the world may be shocked again some day by the revelations of another Brinvilliers; but, for the credit of our common nature, it is hard to believe that there can ever be a recurrence of such human monsters. The great safe-guard of society now is that the analytical skill of chemists enables them to detect the presence of poison in the bodies of those who have been destroyed by its agency. But, even this certainly does not prevent the perpetration of this dread crime by the use of the most easily detected of all poisons, arsenic; and the fatal employment of this destructive and deadly agent has become so frequent that its sale ought to be regulated by the most stringent rules. A list of the convictions of poisoning with arsenic which have taken place in the United States and England during the past ten years is sufficiently large to authorize the employment of the epithet we have placed at the head of these remarks. We will spare our readers the feelings which a perusal of the dark catalogue we might give, would cause; for it is not to create a sensation that we call attention to this subject, but to awaken public sentiment in all parts of the country to the importance of taking some efficient steps towards putting an end to a horrible practice which will disgrace the enlightened century in which we live, and put us on a level with the worst of European licentiousness and vice.

THE WAGES OF WAR.

There is a well-known picture by one of our most eminent American painters, entitled "The Wages of War," in which, amid much garniture of ruin, a soldier-hero lies prone in death, his brow yet helmeted and his hand clutching the hilt of his broken sword, while near by a widowed form, with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, leans against a mausoleum, where lies buried her bosom companion—her light of life—stricken down in his prime on the field of blood. The picture is eloquent of desolation. A charred and gory field—cottages smoldering in fiery ruin—women and children flying in terror—men and horses piled in mangled masses—the air dun and sulphurous—these are the awful shadows flitting athwart the scene, giving a glimpse of the horrors and woes of War.

Yet, suggestive as the picture is, it falls, like every limning of pencil or pen, infinitely short of portraying the tremendous ruin everywhere hovering on the track of battle; of cities sacked—of hamlets razed—of innocence smitten down with guilt—of ages and sexes confounded—and for six thousand years the earth made one wide human slaughter-house. What picture—what fancy, even, can take in this awful spectacle, paramount among all peoples and through all the ages? What figures can measure the crime, the sorrow, the wretchedness, which have gone to make up the total wages of War? Reckon a single great conquest or conflict, and while the product shocks the soul, multiply it by thousands and tens of thousands—upon public calamity heap private misery—to wasted treasuries add desolated homes—to the patent grief of the orator, who bewails the chiefs, add the myriad sighs and cries of widows and orphans bewailing the dead fathers husbands, brothers, sons, given forth to the kites, and to manure the earth, and the length and breadth of the empire of Mars begins to dawn.

Still, in spite of all this palpable ruin—the trillionth part of which, wrought on a private scale, would brand man a murderer and fiend—in spite, too, of the peaceful dispensation which has been proclaimed these eighteen centuries past, the spirit of which is claimed to lie at the bases of the ruling nations of the earth, the throat-cutting soldier is the dominant hero, and war the uppermost concern of the world. Historian and bard hasten first to record and sing the story and the glory of battle. God is invoked to smile on either and every side of the conflict—in His name sound the trumpets to the carnage, and in His name are the nameless dead huddled into their unmarked graves. And of every hundred who feed this holocaust of War, ninety-nine have no quarrel, or care to quarrel with the ninety-nine against whom they are set. Dragged from quiet homes, from all they treasure or love, they are forced into a strife that beggars the ferocity of wild beasts—all in the name of honor, or to sate the pride or pique of kings.

Even now, with the blood shed in the Crimean War scarcely dried, and while the grief of widowhood and orphanage is fresh in tens of thousands of homes made desolate by that awful struggle, another cloud of battle rises over Europe—possibly to be dissipated by diplomacy, but as possibly to break in torrents of blood. And who that knows of the provocations to this threatened disaster, believes for a moment that it could happen if only the greatest good of the greatest number were consulted—if no ambition or caprice of despotism was to be served, no matter what millions of people perish, or live on but to suffer and weep. O, it is horrible in this century of Christian enlightenment—amid all this progress of science and art—that great Christian nations can be plunged into war for any cause short of absolute self-defence. When life or liberty are at stake, war may be tolerable, but never else. War for other causes is but murder, rapine, ruin! for one surge of which not all the heads of all the rulers of earth could atone.

LIVE PLEASANTLY.

There are some people who not only seem determined to make the most and the worst of the evils of their lot, but find a dreary satisfaction in inflicting them on their friends in the shape of long, tedious, and *oft-told* recitals. They are never tired (though their hearers are full weary) of the dismal recitation and repetition of the wrongs, the taunts, the slights, the ungrateful requitals they have received at the hands of men; "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which have been pelting them ever since they showed their faces in this bad world.

A person of this class was once entertaining Mr. Burke after this fashion, when the genial and good-natured philosopher kindly interrupted him, saying, "Do not, my dear sir, disturb your peace by dwelling on such disagreeable circumstances. Overlook them; forget them; *live pleasantly.*"

Capital advice! We cannot "live pleasantly" (and to live pleasantly is certainly no more than a grateful return for the various and bountiful provision which has been made for our happiness) unless we "overlook" and "forget" those things, the remembrance of which is painful without being salutary.

A French wit and philosopher has said, "Our path through life is thick set with thorns. We may as well *brush quickly and lightly past them.*"

He who tastes only the bitter in the cup of life, who looks only at the clouds which lower in one quarter of the heavens, while the sun is shining cheerily in another, who persists in pricking and scratching himself with the thorn, and refuses to enjoy the fragrance of the rose—is an ingrate to God and a tormentor to himself.

A NATIONAL FAULT.

As a nation we are always in a hurry. Everybody knows that; but there is one phase of this infirmity which is to us peculiarly objectionable. The moment a clergyman pronounces the last word of his discourse, there is an immediate brushing of hats, scuffling of feet, arranging of gloves and bonnets, mantles and tippets, continued during the concluding prayer, that is disgraceful both to taste and devotion. Not long since we went to hear a sermon from a popular divine. It was an admirable discourse—a treat to all who heard it. But the moment he had ceased speaking, the respectful and rapt attention with which it had been followed gave way to the national fever of "hurry," and his short benedictory prayer was lost in the scuffle of retreating feet, and other preparations for departure. It was a poor reward for the rich mental repast of which they had partaken; and as disgraceful to the participants as disrespectful to the eloquent clergyman upon whom they uncivilly turned their backs. Surely five minutes additional detention should be willingly acceded to in such cases. We earnestly hope for a reform in this matter, which we will charitably ascribe only to heedlessness.

A WORD TO WIVES.

We once heard of a man who hung himself because he couldn't bear the idea of shaving every morning. We hope no housekeeper will be driven to this extremity by the daily recurring and unpostponable question, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?" We say we hope so, because fair hands *are* lifted in dismay, and despairing looks over coffee-cups, *have* been seen when this question has come up for consideration. Reflect, ladies! how much worse to have no dinner at all, and no prospect of any in the future, unless the hand of charity bestows it. And what a chance, too, this duty affords you to show delicate attention to a weary husband by consulting his preferences in this particular; and say what you will, husbands *must* and *do* eat, even the most intellectual and "interesting." "The feast of reason and flow of soul" does very well for dessert, but it is not a circumstance to roast-beef and apple-dumplings, when it comes to "*feeding*" time. So ladies peep into your kitchens after breakfast, and don't dodge the question. Beside, it is for your interest; a man with a well satisfied appetite is always more quiescent and yielding—*remember that!*

DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

Let us not decide this question rashly; for all the argument is *not* on one side. We are inclined to think, that out of the thousand million people who inhabit this planet, there are, here and there, a few individuals whom it *does* pay to smoke.

Crossing the East river the other afternoon, at that hour when the ferry-boats are fullest, we observed a group of laborers seated on the forward deck, with their dinner-kettles at their side, and a short pipe in every one of their mouths. The act of smoking seemed to tranquilize and rest those tired laborers, and we could not, for the moment, find it in our hearts to begrudge them a luxury so cheap. We have seen old men, too, to whom their pipe was an unspeakable solace, and, apparently, a benefit; to say nothing of the good old ladies in the country who like nothing better than to get into the chimney corner and blow their sorrows away in a quiet cloud.

Leave the knot of laborers enjoying their pipes in the evening breeze, and take a walk through that long, narrow apartment of the ferryboat called the "Gents' Cabin," an expression which signifies, Cabin in which smoking is permitted, and is synonymous with Filthy Cabin, or Cabin unfit for ladies. Here you see smoking under another aspect. Long rows of men, of every sort and condition, all united in a common element of smoke. Sometimes you may see a cigar in every mouth, a newspaper in every hand, and all the company silently reading and smoking. Luckily, the voyage to Brooklyn is short, for in five minutes the cabin is dense and foul with mingled smoke and breath; while the floor—to *think* of that floor is terrible! Most of the pale, eager men who, at this hour, line the smokers' cabin, are business men just released from the store and counting-room, who hasten, at the first moment of liberty, to stimulate their jaded energies with a cigar, and to recreate their tired minds with a newspaper. How ardently they seem to read! They look as though they were going to Brooklyn to say their lessons, and were giving them a last desperate look-over.

These are the men—the sedentary, the nervous, the intelligent—to whom we address the question, Does it pay to smoke? The writer of these lines, a smoker once, but now happily emancipated from the tyranny of that habit, thinks it does not.

These are some of the effects of smoking: It impairs the sense of cleanliness. It lessens a man's firmness and delicacy of touch. It clogs and clouds the intellect. It deadens the finer nerves of the palate, and so diminishes the pleasures of the table, and induces a craving for strong meats and drinks. It is an ally to other kinds of self-indulgence, and brings them aid and comfort. It destroys while it stimulates the digestive organs. It certainly diminishes virility. It makes the face pallid or yellow. It poisons the breath. It is a bad example to boys. It costs money.

But what we chiefly rely upon is this: Smoking is a practice *essentially unclean.* It is an impoliteness, a barbarism. It allies a man with Indians and rowdies—the savages of the forest and the savages of the street. It does, really and truly, *degrade* a man: so that he who does not smoke has a certain superiority to all who do—is, in one important particular, more a gentleman—is a pleasanter object to see and to approach—is nearer, by one grand step, to what a man of this age and country ought to be.

Else, why do ladies hate it so? Ladies are the natural custodians of cleanliness and refinement; and *they* hold smoking in detestation. Good-tempered and sympathetic women often conceal this feeling, and feign a contrary one; saying to lover or husband that they like the smell of a *good* cigar, and telling other kind fibs on the subject. Believe them not, O smoker! The cleanly and orderly wife *hates* to have her house tainted with the odor of tobacco, and she knows from instinct, that the inhaling of that smoke is something abhorrent to nature. The constant care of a good wife is to make her person and her home pleasing. Is it, or is it not, worth a husband's while to reciprocate this by rendering *himself* an agreeable object to her? For our part, we are slow to believe in the goodness of anything to which the taste and instincts of womanhood are opposed.

Upon the whole, then, we are of the opinion that the use of tobacco is one of those habits which must and will give way before advancing civilization; and that the sooner, sir, you give it up, the better it will be for yourself and those you live with.

A SAD CASE.

A talented young man of good family—his widowed mother's only support—recently died in this city from the effects of over-drinking. During the last year he had unfortunately got in the habit of spending the Sabbath at some of the liquor saloons which are kept open on that day, and latterly his Sunday evenings were also spent in the same manner. The associations and habits thus indulged in, rapidly undermined his morals and his constitution. From a rugged, handsome, joyous young man, he deteriorated into a diseased, miserable, conscience-smitten creature. His mother sought to win him from his downward course, but her efforts were in vain. His business, to which he clung as a means of procuring money, kept him confined during week days and evenings; but every Sabbath found him in some drinking-saloon, where the earnings of the week were spent in the gratification of his appetite for strong drink. At last, a debauch of unusual excess precipitated his fate. One recent sunny day he was borne to his last resting place; and those who witnessed the agony of his bereaved mother, as she wept and wildly wrung her hands over that premature grave, will never forget the lesson inculcated by the little mound of earth so untimely heaped over him who but a short year before was the hope and pride of that mother's heart.

NEW ENGINES OF SLAUGHTER.

The next great war will probably be marked by unprecedented carnage. Rifle-bored cannon capable of projecting a ball with accuracy to the distance of ten miles, are, it is said, about to be introduced into the French and English armies. If the range could be tripled—and who shall say what modern science may not do—John Bull and Johnny Crepaud might bombard one another at their ease across the British Channel. One thing is certain in this connection, viz., that with batteries and field artillery that will do execution at such a range, and rifles like the "Minie," that will carry a shot with precision to the distance of sixteen hundred yards, the work will be too hot to last. The late *M. Coute*, a distinguished French writer, has assured us, in one of his works, that there never again can be a long war, and gives many profound metaphysical reasons for this opinion. But there is a sound *practical* reason why future wars should be short, which the philosopher has entirely overlooked. It is the *increased efficiency of destructive weapons.* Of all the friends of peace, he who invents the most formidable instrument of wholesale slaughter is the truest and the best. If a machine could be devised that would annihilate an army, or crush the defences of a fortified city at a single discharge, we should have no more wars or rumors of wars. Men could not be brought to face *inevitable* destruction. We rejoice, therefore, to hear of the invention of *ten mile cannon.*

MR. COZZENS TO DR. HOLMES.

New York, *March* 24, 1859.

My Dear Doctor Holmes:—After reading your pleasant paper in the Boston Ocean for April, I felt assured that the fine strain of *badinage* you there indulge in, was a species of mild challenge, thrown out to the literary world. Just for the fun of the thing, I have no objection to put on the gloves and have a round with you. Exercise is always beneficial; it expands the lungs, and keeps the muscles in good trim.

As the "Atlantic" has a *monthly* circulation in proportion to the size of the city in which it is published, I presume you will have no objection for me to address you through the columns of a paper that has a proportionable *weekly* circulation here. I select the New York Ledger because it fulfills the latter condition.

The general proposition advanced by you seems to be that Boston is the intellectual centre of the universe; or, to quote your words in a former essay, "the hub of the solar system." I accept your metaphor, and as *you* are acknowledged to be the central spike of the Atlantic, do not consider it indecorous in me to allude to you as the Boston linch-pin,—a simple acknowledgment of your position in the circle of letters.

Our relative stations being thus defined,—you, as the acknowledged centre of *intellectual* thought; I as a simple business man, in a busy metropolis,—let us draw a little closer together.

What is our difference? You have nailed up your thesis upon the porch of controversy, to wit: "that ours is a new race, and this a new world, for the new-born human soul to work in! And Boston is the *brain* of it, and has been any time *these hundred years!*"

Now, my dear Doctor! within the hundred years you speak of, one man has set an example of all that thorough, clear intellect is worth,—if human wisdom, foresight, executive capacity;—if love of man—as man, not as a mere geographical accident,—if pure, disinterested patriotism, not narrow and sectional, but broad, benevolent and universal, be worthy of admiration, then surely we need not differ as to whom should be awarded the laurel wreath. I need not name him! In spite of the slanders of the pulpit and the lyceum—you and I, in our hearts, recognize the distinctive features of the Great Virginian.

If during the past one hundred years, a concentration of intellect in a certain section, could be figuratively reckoned as the *brain of the nation*, I fear we should have to look a little farther than Boston to find it. You doubtless remember the immortal orator of the Revolution? His name was Patrick Henry, a member of the house of Burgesses, Richmond, Virginia. You surely cannot forget who drew up the Declaration of Independence. It was one Thomas Jefferson, a member of the house of Burgesses, Richmond, Virginia. When we turn to the dusty and voluminous records of early American statesmanship, there are certain bold, broad, inkmarks, which we recognize as the hand-writing of a certain James Madison, a member of the house of Burgesses, Richmond, Virginia. And if we chose to venture upon the broader field of international relations, so far as these affect the petty States that fringe and border our own, I presume you will not hesitate to subscribe to the doctrines of one James Monroe, an officer in the army of the revolution, a native of Virginia and a member of its Legislature. There were three statesmen of the name of Randolph, also Virginians, who showed some ability in former days, and the officer that commanded at Dorchester Heights, and drove General Gage out of your tri-montane city, was also a member of the house of Burgesses, in Richmond, Virginia.

The past one hundred years, my dear Professor, is so tremendous of renown, that any exclusive claim for preëminence, will necessarily be canvassed by a tolerably large constituency. In the little book-case, that fronts me as I write, I see some familiar names—gilt-lettered. I will read them as they run,—Southey, D'Israeli, Burns, Dr. Kane, Smollet, Fielding, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Goethe, Schlegel, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Cowper, Charles Lamb, Gibbon, Sir Walter Scott, Gray, Wordsworth, Campbell, Jean Paul Richter, Coleridge, Fox, Tom Moore, Pitt, Gratton, Paley, Keats, Shelley, Lord Byron. Clever writers these; even though overlooked, as you insist, by the square-toed mandarins of the American Pekin.

Let me recall to you also a few other persons that flourished within the past hundred years. A stateu of one stands on the summit of a pillar in the Place Vendôme! You doubtless recollect the little Corsican General that commanded at Austerlitz? Then there is a certain Baron von Humboldt, too, who, by a special dispensation of Providence, seems to have been visited personally by almost every Boston lecturer I have had the honor to listen to lately. Then there are Blackstone, Herschell, Brougham, Carlyle, Arago, Berenger, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, who have written within the century,—I think with these helps the world might have gone on, even without—shall I venture so hazardous an assertion?—even without "little Boston!"

Now I must draw off my gloves and cool my fingers—presently we will set-to again.

Time!

I am glad that you pit your three-hilled city against the seven-hilled city. Boston, "champion of the light weights," versus Rome. Any child can see wherein lies the comparison. In Rome they punish those that *will* read the Lord's prayer,—in Boston those that *won't*. A very good offset, that school affair of yours, to the intolerance of the eternal city. When you burn your first Episcopal clergyman in front of Fanueil Hall please send me a ticket marked "complimentary."

But, joking apart, I should feel ashamed if any amount of detraction could possibly prevent Boston receiving all the praise to which she is justly entitled. She certainly has contributed a share, a large share, to the intellect of the country. The names of Franklin and Webster are immortal (if their statues are not); nor does anybody venture to dispute the claims of James Otis, John, Samuel, and John Quincy Adams. In navigation, Nathaniel Bowditch; in jurisprudence, Joseph Story; in art, Washington Allston; in eloquence, William Ellery Channing and Edward Everett; in literature, a score of living writers of whom this nation is justly proud. I suppose that even in our benighted region there are living people capable of recognizing the forensic ability of Rufus Choate; the modest, and not less great because modest, researches of Louis Agassiz; the recent achievements of John Lothrop Motley; the grandeur and glory that surrounds the sepulchre of William Henry Prescott!

We have never hesitated in this metropolis, to say our best of each and all of these, and what is more we can afford to do so. As for my native city—against which you point the sharpest arrows of your satire,—as for my native city, I think her position is such, that she does not require me to follow your example. She does not concentrate all her energies upon a magazine; she does not expand her crinoline literature to the magnificent proportions of her neighbors; she is content amid the riches of her munificent libraries; secure in the possession of superior scholarship; and sometimes, unbending from severer labors, she can enjoy the pleasant papers of the Autocrat of the Breakfast table, with genial, sympathetic relish, and the more pungent they are the better.

I know that we have been accused of Architecture, and must plead guilty to Sculpture and Painting. And sometimes, inspired by a weak ambition, we launch the steamboat on the world, or run the telegraphic nerve through both hemispheres, or win the cup in the world's regatta, or build printing presses, too large for Boston to contain. I suppose it is no news to you, that old Freneau, Philip Freneau, the lyric poet of the revolution, was a native of my native city; that those startling words, "these are the times that try men's souls," were written here; that even the recognized laws that guide and bound the language you speak and write so well, were established by a person called Lindley Murray, a native of New York! Sometimes we turn our attention to jurisprudence, and Kent writes his volume of Commentaries; or to statesmanship, wherein Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and Goveurneur Morris stand conspicuous; or oratory, and Chapin thunders; or astronomy, and erect a Dudley Observatory; or natural history, in which Audubon, DeKay and Torrey have had some success; or benevolences like the Cooper institute and Astor library; or hydrography, in which Dewitt Clinton exhibited some genius; or ethnology, wherein Henry Schoolcraft made sundry national researches. As for literature, we profess some attachment to Marco Bozarris and Thanatopsis, to Leather Stocking, and the Sketch Book; some few others, perhaps? but these will suffice.

There, I have done! Let us pull off gloves and shake hands. Although I cannot acknowledge the justice of the claims you make for modern Athens, yet I cannot fail to admire the force and precision with which those claims are put. There, good-bye, and believe me faithfully yours,

Fred'c S. Cozzens.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

That graceful little epistle just addressed by Louis Napoleon to Sir Francis Head is one of the signs of the times. A small affair in itself, it is great in its indication. Just as the little fly which flutters at the mast head shows the direction of the powerful element which bears before it the whole ship and all the other ships and fleets afloat, and crisps old ocean itself into its countless smiles, or rolls it up into terrific surges, as its mood may be milder or more violent—so this letter indicates the course and power of the *spirit of the age*, the mighty breath of Public Opinion.

Louis Napoleon is absolute sovereign of one of the greatest empires on earth, present or past. About a million of bayonets obey his word of command (mot d'ordre). It is doubtful if ever any one man commanded so fine an army. Not a loose, ill-organized and heterogeneous multitude like that which was led by Xerxes of old, but a compact, well-disciplined, thoroughly organized army of brave men, terrible in its numerical vastness, but far more formidable in its unity, its enthusiasm, and the absolute subordination of fiery valor to the will and word of its chief.

But there are certain emergencies and perils against which even this formidable force gives him no means of retaliation or even of defence.

He is attacked in the English Journals. His measures are canvassed, his purposes analyzed, his cabinet councils penetrated, the very secrets of his heart laid open by the bold sagacity of a free people. He is ridiculed, satirised, held up to reprobation and derision as the vainglorious and selfish disturber of the world's peace. He is deeply stung and humbled by being thus made a spectacle to the civilized world. But he cannot help himself. What can his million of bayonets do for him now? Nothing. He has lived in England and America, and knows that he might as well lead a *corps d'armée* to enforce a calm on the boisterous waves of the Atlantic, as to overawe the many-voiced and tumultuous journalism of a free country.

At this moment, a private gentleman in England steps forth. Instead of *taking the field*, he *takes the press*, in his defence. He calls to mind the services of Louis Napoleon as the constant and valuable ally of England; paints in vivid colors the tyranny of Austria and the need of French intervention; he justifies where he can, and where he cannot, extenuates and excuses the conduct of Napoleon.

The Emperor is deeply grateful for the relief of his mortified feelings, the vindication of his lacerated reputation. He addresses to his defender an autograph letter—rare honor even from one sovereign to another, but scarce heard of as addressed by an Emperor to any personage below royalty. Here is the date and the beginning of this significant epistle.

> "Palace of the Tuileries, March 1.
>
> "My Dear Sir Francis—I thank you" (think of that) "for having collected together, in order to send them direct to me, the different articles which you have inserted in the English journals, for you thus give me an opportunity of expressing to you all my gratitude for the sentiments of which you have not feared the spontaneous manifestation in my favor. . . . I am deeply touched by it. . . . I am happy to have found a defender, who, guided by the sole love of truth, has not hesitated energetically to oppose to falsehood his loyal and disinterested voice.
>
> "Believe me, my dear Sir Francis, &c., &c.,
>
> "Napoleon."

Here is a remarkable concession to *the power of the press, the power of the pen, the supremacy of public opinion.* When Napoleon I. was mercilessly lampooned in England, he prosecuted the journalists who had so attacked him in the courts of England herself, for libel. Thus, in the hight of his power and pride, he bowed to the majesty of British law and invoked its protection in his own behalf. When Napoleon III. is assailed from the same quarter and by the same weapons, he "thanks" the Englishman who takes up the pen in his vindication, he is "*happy to have found a defender* who opposes to falsehood his loyal and disinterested *voice.*"

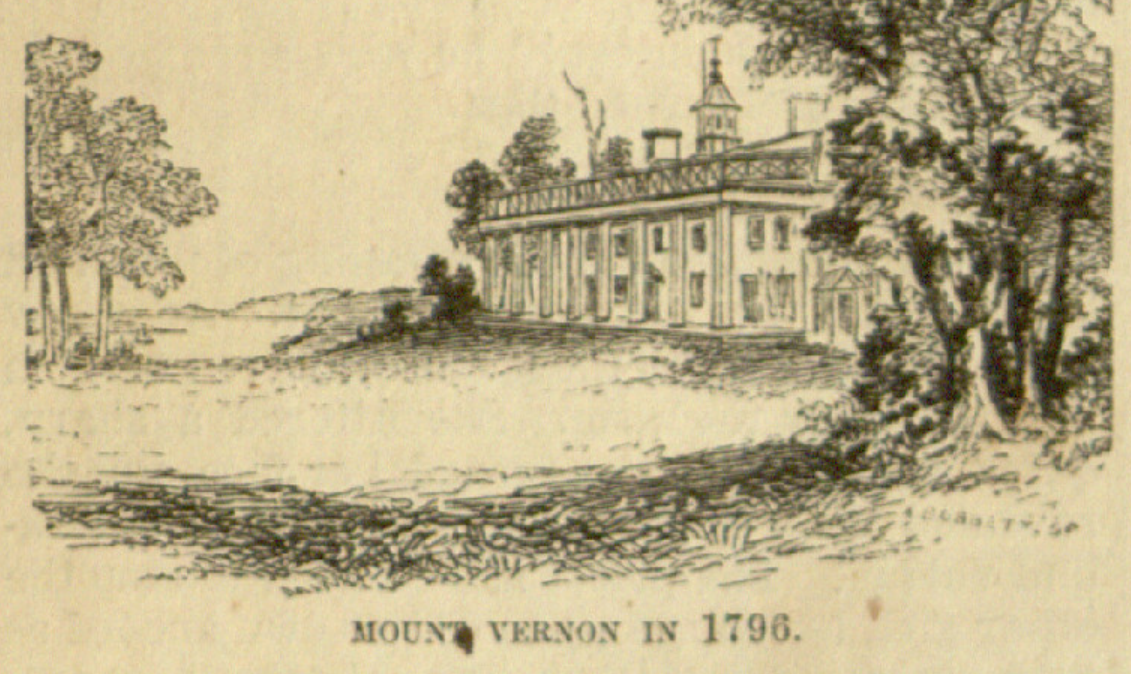
These are not to be reckoned in the common category of "idées Napoleoniennes." No. They belong to a better era, a higher dynasty—the dynasty of thought, of truth, of the general sentiment of humanity. They show beyond all mistake that the sword is giving way to the pen, and the sway of physical force to that of reason and law. Already a clever writer is, in some respects, a greater potentate than a powerful prince, a widely circulated journal more formidable than a great army. Reason and truth have become, decidedly "a power in the world."

A WELL-BESTOWED HONOR.

The appointment of our esteemed contributor, General Morris, to the consulship of Havre, by President Buchanan, has elicited a chorus of congratulatory recognition from one end of the country to the other. There is no other poet who is held so near the hearts of the American people as General Morris. His songs are sung not only in the parlors and by the firesides of the land, but also by the camp-fire of the emigrant and the bivouac of the soldier; and his name is a household word from ocean to ocean. No wonder, therefore, that the civic wreath so gracefully placed upon his laureate brow by the Presidential hand, should be received almost as a personal favor by the countless host of his admiring friends.

How to Do it.—The best mode of suicide for ladies is to wear thin shoes, and lace with a bed-wrench and rope, by this means they may kill themselves without being suspected.

Politeness does much in business. An impudent clerk can do more injury in a store than the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his goods.



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's M*

Number Seventeen.

LORD ERSKINE'S TESTIMONY TO WASHINGTON

Lord Erskine said by Lord Campbell to have saved the liberties of his country—His testimony to Washington—Sketch of his life—The Earl of Buchan—Narrow circumstances of the family—Enters the navy—Original anecdote of his surveying the coast of Florida—Passes from the navy to the army—Commences the study of the law—Brilliant début in the Greenwich Hospital case—His own account of the manner in which he came to be retained in that case—Extract from the pamphlet sent by him to General Washington—His tribute to Washington on the blank leaf.

One of the noblest testimonies to the character of Washington is that of Lord Erskine. It is written on a blank leaf in a presentation copy of a pamphlet by him published in 1797, and entitled "a View of the causes and consequences of the present war with France." The little volume purports to be of the twenty-second edition, and it is said to have reached the thirty-seventh edition. The copy in question was sent by Lord Erskine to General Washington, and is still preserved at Mount Vernon. Before quoting this remarkable testimony, let us contemplate for a few moments its illustrious author, whom the present Lord Chief Justice of England pronounces the "brightest ornament of which the English bar can boast;" who "saved the liberties of his country."

He was born (says Lord Campbell) on the 10th day of January, 1750. He states himself, in a memorandum dictated to Mr. Samuel Rogers, of which a copy lies before me, and to which I shall presently return, to have been born on the 21st of January, 1749. He was the youngest of the sons of the tenth earl of Buchan, his oldest brother being the Earl of Buchan, who sought to gain notoriety as the correspondent of Washington; and whose egregious vanity led him to aver that the most eminent men were usually childless, as evinced by the three greatest men of the age, Frederic the Second, General Washington, and himself.

The family of Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, was of noble, nay royal, descent, but, at the time of his birth, had sunk into very straitened circumstances. Although he early showed himself a bright lad, it was not in the power of his parents to educate him for a profession, their frugal means having been exhausted in bestowing that advantage on his older brother Henry, who rose to eminence as a lawyer. Thomas was forced to choose between the army and the navy. He strongly preferred the former, as likely to afford, in the leisure of country quarters, greater opportunity for the improvement of his mind. Circumstances, however, made it necessary for him to adopt the other branch of the service, and at the age of fourteen he entered the navy as a midshipman, on board "The Tartar" Man-of-War, commanded by Sir David Lindsay. Lord Campbell, in his biography of Lord Erskine, says, "it is wonderful to think, that the period of his life, during which almost all those, whose progress to greatness I have described, were stimulated to lay in stores of knowledge at public schools and universities, was passed by Erskine in the hold of a Man-of-War or the barracks of a marching regiment. But his original passion for intellectual distinction was only rendered more ardent by the difficulties that threatened to extinguish it."

He remained four years on board the "Tartar," cruising in the West India seas and on the coast of America. Having had the good fortune to make Lord Erskine's acquaintance in London in the Spring of 1818, I heard him say, on one occasion, that he had a very accurate knowledge of some portions of America, having, while he was in the Navy, been employed in a survey of the coast of Florida; and that while engaged in that duty "he had turned over every muscle that lay gaping on the shore!" During his cruise he became an acting lieutenant; but on his return to England his ship was paid off, and owing to the great number that stood above him on the list, he failed to obtain a lieutenant's commission. Determined not to sink back to the rank of midshipman, he abandoned the Navy and obtained the commission of Ensign in the "Royals" or first Regiment of Foot. His father was just dead, and the purchase of this commission absorbed the whole of Thomas' patrimony.

For two years his regiment was quartered in various country towns of England, in one of which at the age of twenty, and with no establishment but Ensign's pay, he fell in love with a young lady of respectable connections and estimable character and married her.

This imprudent marriage turned out auspiciously. The young couple lived in uninterrupted harmony. His regiment being ordered to Minorca, Mrs. Erskine accompanied her husband to that Island. In this secluded spot, he passed two years, insulated from the world; but they were no doubt, as is remarked by Lord Campbell, "the most improving years he ever spent." Laboriously and systematically he went through a course of English Literature. Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope were his favorite authors. He occasionally showed the versatility of his powers by acting as chaplain to his regiment. At first he confined himself to reading the Liturgy of the church of England, but as his men were mostly Presbyterians, and discontented with the use of a printed form of worship, he "favored them," says Lord Campbell, "with an extempore prayer, and composed sermons, which he delivered to them with great unction from the drum-head."

The regiment returned to England in 1772, and Ensign Erskine obtained a leave of absence for six months. He availed himself of this opportunity, to mingle in general society, and produced quite a sensation in London "by his agreeable manners and graceful volubility." Boswell mentions seeing him at dinner in company with Dr. Johnson, with whom the bold young officer ventured to engage in argument, first on the comparative merits of Fielding and Richardson, and then on the miraculous destruction of the army of Sennacherib in the old Testament. He combated with success Johnson's absurd paradox, that Fielding was "a blockhead" and "a barren rascal;" but wandered out of his depth on the subject of the Assyrian catastrophe.

In 1772 he wrote a pamphlet, which attracted attention, on abuses in the army, and in 1774 he rose to the rank of Lieutenant. In August of that year, having attended a trial under Lord Mansfield (with whom he was acquainted) as presiding judge, and feeling that he could have argued the cause himself,—stranger as he was to the forum,—better than the counsel on either side, he conceived the thought of another change of Profession and determined to study the law. Lord Mansfield, the same day, invited him to dinner, and, being greatly struck with his conversation and pleased with his manners, detained him till late in the evening. The ambitious lieutenant ventured to confide his newly formed purpose to the veteran magistrate, with his reasons in favor of its adoption. He was not discouraged by Lord Mansfield, who only counselled him to take the advice of his mother and other near relations. The project was warmly approved by his mother.

He was unable to execute his purpose till the following Spring, when he was admitted as a student at Lincoln's Inn. The following January he was matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, thus, in name at least, at the age of twenty five, beginning academical and professional education at the same time. The former, however, though he kept his rooms at Cambridge, was but a nominal affair; he was, as being of noble family, entitled to his degree without examination; and in this way was able to cut off two of the five years of law study, which would otherwise have been required of him before he could be called to the bar.

By this narrow chance was Lord Erskine enabled to enter the profession, in which he earned so brilliant a reputation, and which carried him to the wool-sack. He was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn just one week after the commencement of hostilities at Lexington. Had he retained his commission in the army but a few days longer, the news that the war had broken out would have reached Great Britain, and it would have been impossible for him to resign it with credit. He must have taken the chance of active service in America, and all thoughts of the future Chancellorship would have vanished like a sick man's dreams.—For three years that he was studying the law he lived in great poverty, on borrowed money, in small lodgings, near Hampstead, practising painful economies in food and clothing, and expressing the greatest gratitude to the manager of the Covent Garden for occasional free admissions to the theatre.

He was called to the bar, in July, 1778 and sprang at one bound to practice, fortune, and fame. His first retainer, procured by a fortunate accident, before he was actually admitted to the bar, was as junior Counsel, with four Counsel learned in the law, to precede him. It was the famous cause of the Greenwich Hospital. Captain Baillie, deputy governor of that institution, had written a pamphlet exposing the gross abuses which had crept into its administration, and reflecting with great, but just, severity upon Lord Sandwich, the first Lord of the Admiralty, and several subordinate officials. For this publication, Captain Baillie was suspended, and some of the underlings (at the instigation of Lord Sandwich) obtained a rule, to show cause, at next Michaelmas term, why a criminal information should not be filed against Captain Baillie for a libel.

Lord Campbell relates in some detail the manner of Erskine's being retained in this memorable cause, but I am able to state it in some points more circumstantially from a memorandum dictated by Lord Erskine himself to Mr. Samuel Rogers, in 1816, and copied by me with Mr. Rogers' permission. As this memorandum has never, to my knowledge, been published, it will, I think, interest the reader.

"On a Sunday in June, 1778, I was engaged to dine with Agar, in New Norfolk street, who had become acquainted with me at Tunbridge Wells, but I was pursuaded by a young man, William Lyon, an Attorney, to walk as far as Enfield Chase, and dine with Mr. Barnes, a wine merchant in St. Mary Axe, remarkable for the excellence of his claret. When half way, he [Lyon] challenged me to leap over a ditch by the road side. I leapt over it, but in returning, the bank gave way, and I fell and sprained my ancle. The expedition was over. I could proceed no further, and returned in a stage coach. * * * My wife was confined at this time, and at her suggestion I resolved to keep my engagement at Agar's. She said I was justly punished, and I felt that I was.

"When I arrived, the dinner was begun. A tall man drew his chair aside and I went into the gap. He talked much about the pictures, and so did I, though I knew little of the subject, turning that little to as good an account as I could. When dinner was over he drew Agar aside, and asked who I was. Agar said I was lawyer, and said much in my favor. 'Could he be prevailed upon to take a brief from my brother?' 'Perhaps he could,' said Agar in his pompous manner.

"I knew nothing of this conversation; but the next day, my servant John Nichols, who had served under me in 'the Royals,' and who, when he set my books in order, used always to place the Bible a-top, as that, he said, was the best book, told me, when he opened the door, that I must be in another scrape, for a cross, ill-looking man, in a large, gold laced, cocked hat, had been twice enquiring for me. 'He insists, sir, upon seeing you, and is at this moment waiting for you in Bloomsbury Square Coffee-house.' I went there, and there I found an old seaman, with a furrowed face. He was sitting gloomily in one of the boxes, with a small red trunk on the table before him, and his sword lying on the trunk. I mentioned my name. He said 'there are my papers; will you read them over?' It ended in my taking them home. I was to be called to the bar in a few days (6th of July), and at a consultation held on the first of November, Bearcroft, Peckham, and Murphy were for consenting to a compromise, our client to pay all costs. 'My advice, gentlemen,' I said, 'may savor more of my late profession than of my present, but I am against consenting.' 'I'll be d— if I do,' said Baillie, and he hugged me in his arms, saying 'you are the man for me.' 'Then the consultation is over,' said Bearcroft. 'It is,' I replied, 'let us walk in the gardens.'

"When the cause came on, the Senior Counsel exhausted the day and the patience of the Court. It grew dusk and my time arrived, when Lord Mansfield adjourned. I began next morning fresh and before a fresh audience All crowded round me, and when it was over, Sir Archibald McDonald had known me at school, Lee had known my father at Harrowgate, and that night I went home and saluted my wife, with sixty-five retaining fees in my pocket. Had I not taken a nobleman's degree of M. A. I could not have been called to the bar for two years later. I was then in my 30th year, having been born on the 21st of January 1749." * * *

At the foot of this memorandum, Mr. Rogers had written "Dictated by him" [Lord Erskine] "to me, as I sat with my pen in my hand, after dinner in St. James place, in 1816." S. R.

This account, it will be perceived, differs in some details from that of Lord Campbell, who relates with greater fullness the manner in which the cause was argued by the Senior Counsel. It seems altogether to have been an extraordinary affair, and not the least remarkable part of it is, that a young man, just admitted to the bar, should have made the closing speech.

Of this speech, so well known in the records of forensic oratory, Lord Campbell remarks that "the impression made upon the audience is said to have been unprecedented; and I must own that, all the circumstances considered, it is the most wonderful forensic effort, of which we have any account in our annals." It was a fitting commencement of that noble career, which boasts for its crowning glories the vindication of the Trial by Jury in all its efficiency, the establishment of the liberty of speech and the press in all its perfection, and the annihilation of the abuse of constructive treasons. This wonderful speech gained for Erskine at one blow the reputation of a consummate advocate.

In the pamphlet named at the commencement of the Article its author makes the following allusion to Washington:

"The pretence of a war waged against opinions, to check, as is alleged, the contagion of their propagation, is equally senseless and extravagant. The same reason might equally have united all nations in all times, against the progressive changes, which have conducted nations from barbarism to light, and from despotism to freedom. It ought to have combined the Catholic kingdoms to wage eternal war, till the principles of the reformation, leading to a new civil establishment, had been abandoned. It should have kept the sword unsheathed, till the United Provinces returned to the subjection of Spain; until King William's title and the establishment of the British Revolution had given way to the persons and prerogatives of the Stuarts; and until Washington, instead of yielding up the cause of a Republican empire to a virtuous and a free People, in the face of an admiring and astonished world, should have been dragged as a traitor to the bar of the Old Bailey and his body quartered on Tower Hill."

A copy of this pamphlet, handsomely bound in green morocco, was sent by Lord Erskine to General Washington, by the hand of Mr. Bond, of Philadelphia, with the following letter written on the blank page. General Washington's letter of acknowledgment will be found in his works, vol. XI., p. 209.

To General Washington.

Sir—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name, in a short sentence, which is to be found in the book I send to you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world. T. Erskine.

London, 15 *March*, 1797.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Thirteen.

PRIDE OF POSITION.

There is great prejudice against Pride. But it should be considered that there is a great difference in the quality of that experience. *How* a man is proud will make a great difference as to the moral complexion of the thing.

There is a good and a bad pride of position; a good and a bad pride of character; a good and a bad pride of achievement; and the good is as noble as the bad is mean. We do not wish to write a treatise, still less a homily on the subject, but there is one aspect in which those who are just beginning the future may do well to consider this matter of Pride.

There are hundreds of young men putting forth their strength to secure position in society, or in the business world, who have not the least conception of anything nobler than to attain to some place which somebody else has made honorable, and thus wear what they never earned. They have no pride which makes them shrink from undeserved place, respect or fame. They have no honor which is sensitive to laurels which they have not deserved. Only to have position, to have power, or exterior respectability is their whole ambition. Such persons can hardly be expected to be more scrupulous of their methods than of the ends at which they aim. They dodge, they pretend, they evade, they wriggle and squirm, through all manner of passages, and submit to the basest compliances, if only they may win. What is there that they will not exchange for mere material success, so that it has a reasonable degree of respectability? And when they have attained place and security, there is nothing in retrospect, and nothing in their inward consciousness that can give them the least moral satisfaction.

There are other young men who begin life with a stern purpose, not only to win success, but to achieve it by truth, by honor, by fidelity unflinching, by faith in rectitude. It often happens that such persons are severely tried and proved. A generous impulse is of little use if it cannot sustain itself under temptation. And a young man who means to have honor and character as well as wealth and reputation, and who has of his own skill and industry to earn them, will have at the first, to put his faith in the profitableness of Integrity to a severe trial.

It will seem to him as if honesty was always cheated; as if scruples of honor always lose advantage; and as if a certain suppleness of conscience and pliancy of morals were indispensable to success in worldly things. And then, just as despondency gets hold of him, and poverty is beginning to pinch, and the great gay world is thundering past him and leaving him to gnaw the bare bones of a profitless morality, he will be tempted by flattering offers and chances, by which, at a step, he may secure his whole chance for success, by some slight inflexion of rectitude, by some always excused compliance with customary wrong. If a man is weak, he will show it now. He will yield his scruples, and take prosperity without honor, and against his sense of right. No matter how much he may gild and conceal the fact, such a man is sold and bought.

But if his faith is stern and unyielding, and he say heartily, I will die in mine integrity rather than live by bartering it, he is strong and noble indeed. And when a man has such a back-bone as that, and is ribbed around with ordinary good sense and enterprise, he is as sure to succeed as the sun is to rise and bring daylight with it. Such men are needed in all avocations. A man whom no price will buy from integrity, is, beyond all price, valuable to men who have great interests at stake. And when they have been tried, proved, and found out, they are like diamonds. However long they may have lain neglected in the sand, no sooner are they once discovered than they have a value that will never go back.

And when, step by step, a man has built up a position, a home or property, by legitimate industry and indomitable integrity, he has a right to be proud of it. This is pride of goodness, pride of nobleness. That man may be proud of his estate, when every object in it, achieved by scrupulous ability, is a record of personal worth, a journal of manly conduct.

THE FIRST MORNING HOUR.

Nature tells us what it should be. Not ushered in with din and strife, and the trumpet-call to battle; but stealing softly, quietly, serenely over the senses, with song of birds and scent of myriad flowers. Just so should the spirit be in its waking hours, buoyant, hopeful, bright, soaring, rejoicing. No cloud of discontent, no fog of sullenness, no biting breath of words that slay quicker than knife or bullet, and too often, God knows, those who, defenceless and helpless, can wage with the tyrant victor no warfare. What misery a day, the first morning hour of which, thus ushered in, shall bring, ere its sun set—how many aching hearts can tell! How leaden the feet of duty move unwinged by love, how many a sorrowful household might reveal, did its tomb-like walls tell all the sighs and tears witnessed within them! Oh mothers, fathers, guard your first *waking* thoughts! Burden not unnecessarily, or despondingly, or selfishly, the new-born day with *yesterday's* discontents and sorrows: do not for your own sake; do not for the sake of those whose uplifted faces reflect every flitting shadow that mars the sunshine of yours. A frowning face! How sad a legacy for children to hang up in memory's cabinet, when they sit musing, in after years, on the influences that have marred their happiness, and by so much, *maimed* their usefulness. Look to the *first* morning hour of each day, for, like the little stone which you idly throw into the lake, careless where it sinks, it leaves a ripple that shall widen and widen till it reach the shore of eternity.

"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Bacon." "His lordship," replied Cobbett, "had much better hoped to see the day, when every peasant would be able to *eat* bacon."

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DUKE'S BATH.

Ruric Nevel could keep no account of time. Darkness, and darkness only, dwelt with him in his prison house—darkness so utter that the only effect of opening the eyes was the nervous reality of the motion. In fact, 'twas lighter with the eyes closed than with them opened, for when tightly closed there were peculiar fantastic shapes floating in the imagination, and even this was a relief; and then there was a sort of kaleidoscopic succession of colors when the lids were tightly pressed, that seemed grateful to the nerves, and gave variety to the mind. But when the eyes were open only a cold, impenetrable blackness was present, within which there were no shapes—no forms—save the one form of utter chaos.

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs, and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement; and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink, and thus make his escape; but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the ends of life!" he murmured to himself, as he paced slowly to and fro across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of Heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting-place! And, thou loved one—Oh! thou fondly-cherished, wildly-worshiped being, thy smiles can shine no more for me. Oh! Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bosom, and bid thee remember me when I am gone. Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, O God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!"

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth; but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another's.

"And must it be so?" he continued, after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas! she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet—she may carry the old love with her always. She may never forget it. Oh! could I but once——"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet—and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremety of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterwards the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blinded by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty, and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the hump-backed priest, Savotano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not yet. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him, and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others—one who held the lantern—"we have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Ha!—Say you so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go. You may follow us, or you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow."

"As you say."

Thus speaking the man assisted the priest to his feet, and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were nearly up. He started to follow them, and had nearly gained the top, when a quick, lightning-like shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and with a dull crashing sensation he sank down. He realized that he was turned over, and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try and force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed up now, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll go with us. We won't force ye if you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth. "What mean you?"

"You'll see when you get there. But there's no time to waste, so come."

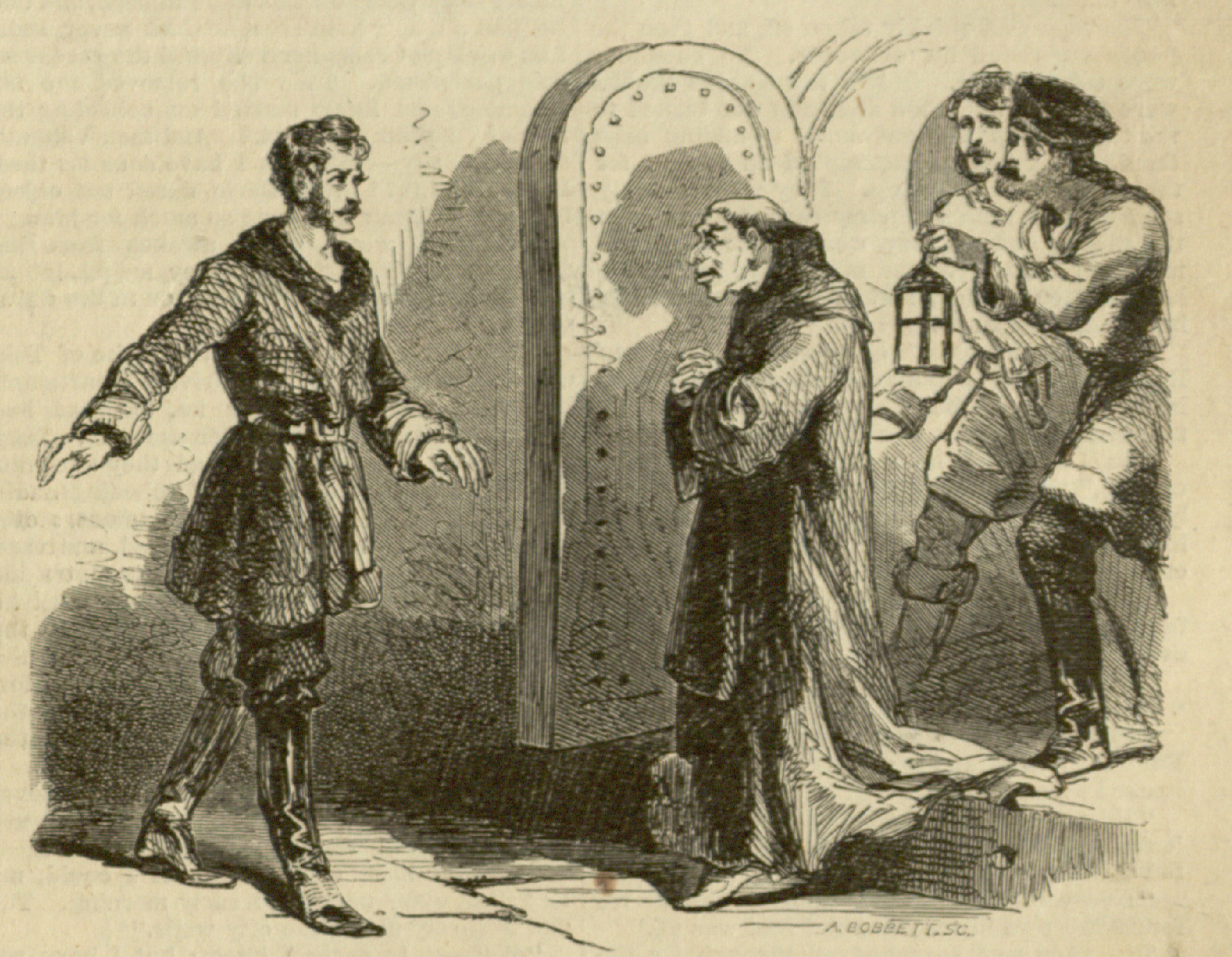
What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed him not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission, and prepared to follow his conductors. But they left him not to follow at will. They took him by either arm, and thus led him away. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. From here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they soon came to a large circular apartment, in the center of which was a deep basin, where, in years gone by, people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the lantern, and the chill wind came moaning through the cracks and crevices in the decaying masonry.

"There," spoke one of the guides, as he set his lantern upon the top of a broken column, "we will stop here."

The words were spoken in a sort of hushed, unmerciful tone, and Ruric felt them strike fearfully upon him. He gazed upon the man who had spoken, and he saw that he was preparing to throw off his pelisse, which he had thus far worn. As soon as this was off, he moved to where his companion stood, and commenced to whisper.

Could Ruric mistake longer? What reason, but *one*, could there have been for bringing him to such a place? To the left, where the basin had once emptied itself, there was a dark, deep, cave-like place, at the mouth of which a heap of rubbish had collected. What a place in which to hide a dead body! So thought Ruric. But he was startled from the dark reverie by a darker reality.

One of the men had taken a club—a long, heavy bludgeon which the youth had not before seen—and was just balancing it in one hand while he spit upon the other.



A. BOBBETT, SC.

"You will not murder me here in cold blood!" cried Ruric, starting back.

The stout ruffian clutched his club in both hands, but made no verbal answer.

"Speak! Answer me!" the prisoner exclaimed, starting back another pace. "Do you mean to murder me?"

"Why," answered the man with the club, in a cool, off-hand manner, "since you are so anxious to know I'll tell you.—You will die within a minute!"

"And will you take the life of one who never harmed you?—Hold! If money be your object——"

"Stop," interrupted the villain. "You can't argue us out of it in that way. You've got to die, and the sooner you go the sooner you'll get over it. You won't suffer a bit if you don't go to kick up a fuss. There, now—if you hadn't bothered me 'twould have been all over by this time."

Oh! What would Ruric have given at that moment for the use of one of his arms! But that was beyond praying for. Yet he had his feet. He said nothing more, but he allowed the man to come within a few yards of him, and then he prepared for the only means of defence he had. The huge club was raised, and at that moment Ruric saw that the other man also had a club. He knew then that they had been concealed there until now.

"Hark!" uttered the second villain, just as his companion had raised his club. "What noise is that?"

"I suppose they're coming to see if we've finished the job," returned the other; "and we ought to have done it ere this. But they shall find it done!"

The ponderous club was raised again, and with a quick, decisive movement, the man advanced. Ruric made a movement of the body as though he would bow his head for the stroke. Every nerve and muscle of his frame was set for the trial, and for the instant his heart stood still. Quick as thought his body bent—his light knee was brought almost to his chin—and then, with all the force he could command he planted his foot in the pit of the assassin's stomach. The effect was electrical. The wretch bent like a broken stick, and sank down without a single sign of life.

The second man uttered an oath and sprang forward with uplifted club, but Ruric easily dodged the blow, and then, as the thought for the first time flashed upon his mind, he darted to where the lantern stood, and overturned it. He had noticed an open passage close at hand, which seemed to lead to some sort of a dressing-room, and, guided by his memory alone, for it was now dark as Erebus there, he glided swiftly into it. When he knocked over the lantern he had upset column and all, and just as he reached the passage he heard a heavy fall, and he knew that his enemy had stumbled over the fallen column. He heard the curses, loud and deep, which dropped from the lips of the baffled man as he picked himself up, and in a moment more he was edified by a conversation between the two; for villain number one had revived, though the tone of his voice plainly indicated that he had a severe pain still lingering with him.

"Michael! Michael!" groaned number one; and as he spoke Ruric could hear him scrambling upon his feet.

"Hi, Orel," returned number two.

"Have ye dropped him?"

"No!" cried Michael, with a curse which we do not choose to transcribe. "He's a perfect devil!"

"But where's the lantern?"

"He put it out."

"But you ought to have knocked him down, you clown."

"So had you."

"Me? Why—he kicked me over."

"Well—he dodged by me and kicked over the lantern."

"But where is he now?"

"He's gone. Hark! Ha! I guess they've caught him. Don't you hear?"

"Yes—they've caught somebody."

"And of course it's him. He went that way. Let's go and find——"

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment a voice came up in thunder tones; and it said—

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"What is that?" gasped villain number one.

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"That is not from any of our men!" cried the second villain. "Ha! they are coming this way!"

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"Where shall we flee?" cried Michael.

"There is but one place," returned Orel. "Here, in the little drawing-room. Come—let's find it. Oh! curses on that gunmaker's head! If he be not the very devil, then he's a bound partner of his. Have you found the entrance, Michael?"

"No. It's near you somewhere. Can't you ——Ha! In! in!"

At that moment the glare of a flaming torch flashed through the gloom of the place, and the two villains stood revealed. A dozen stout men, all well armed, appeared in the only passage by which they could make escape, for to have fled into the drawing-room of which they had spoken would avail them nothing.

"Ho, villains!" shouted Valdimir the monk, raising his flaming torch high above his head with his left hand, while in his right he waved a heavy sword, "where is Ruric Nevel?"

"Here! here!" cried our hero, starting forward into the larger room.

"What! Safe?—alive?—well?" Valdimir fairly shouted.

"Aye—my noblest of friends. But oh! cast off this accursed bond from my arms. It eats into the flesh."

The rope was quickly taken off, and then the youth embraced his deliverer. No questions were asked there. Only a few sincere thanks were uttered, and then attention was turned to the two villains who yet stood trembling near them. They had not attempted an escape, for the way was blocked up. They were quickly secured, and then the party turned away from the place; and as they went Ruric gave the monk an account of the manner in which he had been entrapped, and of the events which had transpired since.

"Merciful Heavens!" ejaculated Valdimir, as Ruric closed his account of the manner in which he had overcome the two men who had thought to murder him. "It was a narrow escape."

"But I might not have escaped without your coming," the youth said, "for they would surely have found me. With my hands lashed behind me as they were I could not have escaped."

"True—true," returned Valdimir, thoughtfully. "It was a narrow chance. But it is over now."

"And how gained you the knowledge of my whereabouts?" asked Ruric.

"I'll explain it to you when we have time. But did I understand you to say that the hump-backed priest was here?"

"He came to my dungeon with the rest, and 'twas he that I knocked down. Have you not found him?"

"No—we have seen nothing of him. We found two men in the hall, and that was all."

The place was searched all through for the priest, but he could not be found, and when Valdimir was assured that the arch villain had made his escape he prepared to leave the building. The prisoners—four of them—were led out first, and taken away by the monk's followers.

When Ruric reached the street the stars were all out, and the cool, frosty air struck gratefully upon his brow. He turned towards his mysterious companion, and under the grateful impulse of the moment he stopped. He raised his hands towards heaven—uttered one fervent sentence of thanksgiving to God—and then moved on again.

CHAPTER XVI.

THWARTED, BUT NOT SUBDUED.

It was long after midnight, and yet the widow Nevel had not sought her bed. She was now pacing to and fro across her kitchen, and the boy Paul sat nodding in his chair. Suddenly the woman stopped, and Paul started up.

"Do you think that message was a false one?" she asked, looking the boy in the face.

"I don't know," he returned. "If he came from the black monk, as he said he did, then I think he spoke the truth."

"Oh! They would not have deceived me."

"No, my mistress, I am sure they would not."

"But it is very late."

"Hark!—There are bells."

The widow heard them, and with a wildly fluttering heart she sank into a chair.

"They have stopped in front of the house," said Paul, whose head was bent in a listening attitude.

"Go—go—open——"

Paul started. The widow heard the door opened, and she heard voices in the hall. In a moment the inner door was opened, and she looked up. She saw a manly form—she heard the magic word—*Mother*—trembling upon the air. With one low cry of joy she started to her feet, and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of her son.

"Did I not say I'd bring him back to you?" cried Valdimir, rubbing his hands with joy.

"Oh! God bless you sir!" the widow murmured, gazing through her tears into the monk's face.

"So, so," returned the strange man. "The blessing of an honest soul is reward enough for one night, so I'll take myself off for the present."

"No, no," cried Ruric. "You'll remain here till morning."

But the monk could not be prevailed upon so to do. He had business to attend to, and he could not stop; and he hurried away as quickly as possible to avoid the thanks that were showered upon him.

After Valdimir was gone, Ruric sat down and related to his mother all that had occurred since that day on which he left her to go and see the Count. She trembled fearfully as he related the diabolical attempts that had been made upon him; and when he had concluded she sat for a few moments like one in a painful trance.

"And do you think," she said at length, while a cold shudder ran through her frame, "that the Duke of Tula was the cause of all this?"

"I am sure of it, my mother."

"Then you are not safe yet."

"But I shall see the Emperor."

"I have seen him, my son."

"Ah,—and what said he!"

"Why—he said if we could find out who had done you harm he would punish them. Then I asked him—suppose it was a duke; and he said in that case he should have to look into the matter. Oh! I fear he would not dare to punish the powerful Olga."

"Perhaps not; but yet, my mother, I will give him credit for better things. Yet," the youth continued, in a sad tone, "there is one for whom I care more than self, and who is now within the wicked Duke's power. Oh! she is his beyond any power of the Emperor!"

"Not absolutely beyond his power, is she?" the mother asked.

"Why—of course Peter has the power to set aside any wardship, but 'twould not be policy for him to interfere in the domestic affairs of his powerful nobles. I feel sure that his heart would bid him interfere, but his judgment would oppose it. You have seen Rosalind?"

"Yes."

"And was she unhappy when she knew that I was missing?"

"Ah, Ruric," returned the mother, with a kindling eye, "you do not know how that noble girl loves you. O, her heart was almost broken when she knew that evil had befallen you."

The widow had it in her mind to tell of the scene which had transpired upon the Duke's coming into the maiden's presence when she was there, but she thought a second time ere she spoke, and then she concluded not to speak of it at present, for she knew 'twould only serve to give her son additional pain without bestowing any benefit.

"By heavens!" uttered Ruric, at the end of a troubled reverie, and at the same time clasping his hands vehemently together, "was ever man so surrounded by impenetrable mystery before! This monk is surely a good man. He has served me well, and I am sure he would serve me more if opportunity offered. But who is he? Have you found out anything concerning him?"

"I have not, my son."

"But is it not strange?"

"It is."

And so they conversed until their drooping lids would no longer remain apart, and then, having first rendered up their thanks to God, and asked his help for the future, they retired to their respective places of rest. Ruric had strange dreams, and for the life of him he could not tell whether they were good or bad. Once he dreamed that he was a duke himself, and that he had a wife whose face he had never seen. She would not raise her vail until the ceremony was performed. Then she removed the obstruction, and Ruric started on beholding the face of Valdimir the monk! And then Valdimir seemed to say—"All this I have done for thee. Do you like it?" And Ruric dared not object because Valdimir had done so much for him.

And now, while Ruric awakes from his dreams and wonders what they meant, let us look in and see what is going on in the ducal palace.

It was early morning, and the Duke of Tula was once more in his own private apartment. He had not slept well, for he, too, had had dreams, and they were troublesome ones. They hung about him even now, and they filled his mind with dark and gloomy forebodings. He paced to and fro across the apartment, sometimes stopping and bowing his head, and then starting on again with new clouds upon his brow. Thus he walked and pondered until he was aroused by a stealthy footfall close to the door. He stopped and listened. He knew the step. 'Twas the one he had been waiting for. He moved to the door and opened it, and the hump-backed priest, Savotano, entered the apartment.

"Ah, Savotano, I feared you would never come," said the Duke, as his workman closed the door behind him.

"I would have come sooner if I could, my lord; but even now it is early morning. The sun is hardly above the city walls."

"Well—it is early, I know; but I have not slept well."

"I have not slept at all, my lord."

"No? Savotano,—you look worn and weary. But you have been at work."

"Aye—I have."

"And you have come to tell me the result of that work. Does it move you so, to do such work? I thought you were used to it."

The priest gazed into his master's face, but he did not speak.

"Bah!" said Olga, contemptuously. "What is the killing of a man? But tell me—did you conceal the body so that no one will find it?"

It was some moments before Savotano spoke. His frame trembled, and his hands worked nervously together. But at length he said, in a hesitating tone,—

"He is not dead, my lord."

"Not dead yet? But you promised me he should be."

"I know—but we could not do it."

"Bah! I gave you credit for more firmness. Not kill a man? What is there so terrible in it?"

"You misunderstood me, my lord. We did all we could towards killing him, but he escaped us."

"Hold!" cried the Duke, starting forward and grasping the priest by the shoulder. "You do not mean that Ruric Nevel has escaped you."

"He has, my lord."

"But not entirely? You do not mean that he has fairly gone from out your hands?"

"He has, my lord.—But listen——"

"Listen, thou bungler? What story can you tell to make that smooth and reasonable? You had him in your power, and you should have kept him."

"But my lord, the devil himself is working for that man. We went last night to kill the fellow, and I waited all of two hours for Totma and Viska, but the rascals did not come, and I engaged others."

"And did they prove treacherous?" cried Olga, in sudden passion.

"No, my lord—they did their best, but they were interrupted by that accursed black monk, who came backed by some dozen men."

"What! Do you mean that Valdimir came there?"

"Yes."

"And with a band of armed men?"

"Yes."

"Then, by the gods, there's treachery somewhere?"

"I know not what to think, my lord," returned Savotano, in an uneasy, perplexed tone. "The only men who are absent are Sesko Totma and Frederick Viska; and they are surely our best men."

"But you see plainly that there must have been treachery!" exclaimed the Duke, passionately. "Oh! how I would like to know the man! And did this monk carry off the gunmaker?"

"He did. And he captured four of our men. I escaped without being seen."

"That is fortunate——"

"I mean that the monk did not see me—nor did any of his followers. But the gunmaker saw me."

"And do you think he mistrusted you had any hand in the matter of his imprisonment?"

"I should judge so," returned the priest, with a peculiar twinge of vengeance about the lips. "The villain knocked me down."

"Ha!"

"Aye—the moment he saw me."

"But do you think he *knows* anything about it?"

"No, I do not think he does. He can only suspect."

"Then we'll be prepared for him if your own men are to be depended upon. But leave that to me. I'll fix that matter with the Emperor. I'll see him this very day, and be sure he shall have a story that can destroy all evidence which these fellows can hatch up."

"But I must flee, my lord."

"Not yet Savotano. I must have your help within a very short time. The Countess Rosalind Valdai shall be my wife within the present week. I'll place the seal of fact upon that matter at once. Fear not, for I know my influence over the Emperor will shield you from all harm. Why, Peter would sooner lose his right arm than lose me."

"Then most surely I will remain, my lord, for I much wish to perform that ceremony for you. But who is this black monk?—this Valdimir?"

The Duke started across the floor, and for some moments he continued pacing to and fro. When he stopped he brought his hands together with an energetic movement, and looking the priest sternly in the face, he said—

"Let that monk be who he may, I'll destroy him! I have the power, and I'll use it. As Warden of the city I have the power to arrest him upon suspicion of conspiracy. I'll do it. Where is he now?"

"I know not."

"Never mind. I'll to the Emperor first. I'll study my plan, and ere the sun sets it shall be carried out. By heavens, I'll be baffled thus no more. I could have wished that this gunmaker had been quietly out of the way, for then all would have been clear and plain, and I should not have feared the trouble of his clamoring about my ears. But let him go. I would not give much for the life he has left. I'll dispose of him soon. But that monk.—He dies at once, and without consultation with the Emperor; for I can swear he is a conspirator."

"Good!" ejaculated the priest.

And thus the business was arranged for the present. Passion helped the Duke wondrously in his conclusions; and the *wish* was made into the *power*. But even before the priest left, the stout nobleman began to wish that he had a very little more power. In fact, as he came to reason he began to doubt; but he gave up not one idea of the plan he had formed for the vengeance his soul so madly craved.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSACTIONS OF A NIGHT.

"I dare not! O, I dare not!"

"But it is your only hope."

"And whither shall we go?"

"Anywhere rather than remain here. Oh! my mistress, if you stay here you know the fate which awaits you. There is no other means of escape from the wicked Duke's power."

"And I must thus cast myself among strangers —lose my all of earth——"

"Hold, Rosalind. There is surely one in Moscow who will help you. Let us go to the Emperor. Oh, if he be the man I have head, he will surely listen."

"Ah, Zenobie,—the Duke is high in power, and his influence is great at court. Peter would not dare to thwart him."

"It may be so, but I do not believe it. And yet, my mistress, just think, for one moment, how you stand in that respect. You have nothing to lose. This life of earth, with all its pains and sorrows, and with its most exquisite tortures, hold nothing worse for you within the bounds of possibility than to become the Duke's wife. If there were but one chance in the thousand you had better try it. Remember—you cannot possibly lose anything, but the chances are for you. Let us go to the Emperor."

"But how, Zenobie?"

"This evening—after the darkness of night has gathered over the city—let us go. I tell you I do not believe the Emperor will deliberately suffer a great wrong to be done for the sake of pacifying the Duke. He has more noble independence than that."

The young countess did not answer at once. She pressed her small white hand hard upon her brow, and thus she remained for some time buried in profound thought. At length she raised her head, and the fire of determination was in her eye.

"I will go," she said. "I will go to the Emperor. He will help me if he has a human heart."

"You have one satisfaction, my mistress: he cannot harm you."

"Cannot?"

"I mean that you can but be made to marry with Olga; and all other harm would be as nothing compared with that."

"Aye—you are right, Zenobie. We will go this very night."

The more Rosalind pondered upon this new resolve the more hope did she derive from it. Ere long she conversed more freely with her attendant, and at times that old smile would struggle for a moment upon her face. Yet she had gloomy moments, too. Her fear was too deeply fixed to be swept away so easily.

The afternoon passed away, and as the shades of night gathered over the great city the two girls were astir. Zenobie gathered together such articles of clothing as would be needed, and proceeded to prepare her mistress for the adventure.

"Fear not," she said, as she drew on Rosalind's robe of fur, "for there can be no danger worse than that we flee from. Try only to remember that you flee from the Duke.

This served to nerve the fair young Countess up to the task, and her frame ceased its trembling.

"I shall not falter now," she said. "But shall we find the Emperor at this late hour?"

"Bless me, 'tis not late. But even if we do not see him to-night we can do it in the morning. We shall find plenty in the imperial palace who will shelter us till then."

The girls were now ready, and all that remained was to start on their strange mission. With noiseless steps they left the apartment where they had dressed, and proceeded along the corridor to the great staircase. Zenobie knew there would be less danger there than to go down the other way among the servants. Having descended these stairs they came to the great hall, which opened one way into the saloons. They took the former course, and were soon in the court. The only trouble now was in passing the porter's lodge at the gate, for they knew the great gate was not open, and to gain the street they must pass through the room where the porter always staid. Zenobie went ahead and looked in. The porter sat by the fire playing with his dog.

"My mistress," whispered the girl, as she came back, "old John is in the lodge, and we need have no fear. He is a simple, good-natured fellow, and I am sure I can get by him. Do you go in advance—cover up your face—don't look at him; and be sure you don't tremble. Leave it all to me. Remember now: you have——"

"Fear not, Zenobie. Go on."

So on they went, and when they reached the lodge Rosalind went in first and stood by the wicket, while Zenobie followed, and opened the door that looked into the porter's room.

"Good John," she uttered, in anxious tones, "come and open the wicket for me quick. My good mistress is very ill, and Tilda and I are going for the doctor. Come—be quick."

"But why don't some of the men go?" asked John, as he started up and forced his dog back.

"Because 'twould take them longer to do the errand than 'twill us. But don't detain us. We sha'n't be gone long."

The honest porter had orders not to allow the Countess to pass out, but he thought not of that now. He had known the gentle girl from a child, and so well did he love her that he might not have stopped her even had he known she was then waiting to pass out. At all events, he could not refuse the present request, so he came out and opened the wicket without further question, and the girls passed through.

"Now—now," said Zenobie, in nervous haste, "we are clear of the palace. Here is the street. Our walk is not long."

Rosalind answered not, but drawing her robe more closely about her to keep out the cold, biting wind, she hastened along by the side of her companion. Hope was now alive within her. She turned one glance behind her, and she could see the light which she had left burning in her chamber. It seemed at that moment to be the fiery eye of a demon gazing after her, and instinctively she quickened her pace.

* * * * * * * *

Twice during the day did the Duke of Tula call at the imperial palace without being able to find the Emperor; but in the evening he was more fortunate. The Emperor was in, and Olga was admitted at once to his presence.

"Well, my lord Duke," said Peter, as Olga approached, "what business calls you from home at this hour?"

"Business of importance, sire. Business of less moment to me than to the State."

"Ah? Proceed."

Only two attendants were with the Emperor, one of whom was Demetrius the Greek, and the place of audience was in one of the private apartments near the bed-chamber, where only privileged ones were ever allowed to come.

"Sire," commenced the Duke, "you remember the gunmaker who was before you not long since?"

"Ah—yes. The one who took my Greek's sword from him."

"The same, sire. Have you heard from him since?"

"I had well nigh forgotten the fellow. Yes, yes,—I remember him well now. He was a right stout knave."

"Aye—and a dangerous one, too, sire. A dangerous man," said the Duke, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Ah—what has he done?"

"Why—he has been engaged in various robberies to my certain knowledge; and only a few evenings since he knocked down one of our holy priests, and robbed him of all he had. He is at the head of a numerous band of desperadoes."

"Is it possible?"

"I know it, sire."

"I should not have believed this."

"Nor would I have believed it, sire, had I not received proofs not to be questioned. I, as is my duty, have long been anxious to ferret out this gang of robbers——"

"But I have never heard of them, Olga," interrupted Peter.

"Ah, sire, because I gave directions that you should not be troubled with the affair. But I have them now. It is only last evening that I got a clue upon them. We found them in an old building near the river, here in the Kremlin, and this same Ruric Nevel was with them. But he made his escape."

"I do remember me now that the fellow had a bold bearing, and a fearless look," said the Emperor, half to himself; "and if such a man turns villain there must be danger in it."

"Aye, sire—you speak truly.—And now, with your order, I can apprehend the fellow at once."

"I can send and have it done, my dear Duke."

"But your officers may not find him. I know where he is, and can have him taken at once. He has several hiding-places."

"Well—then you might do the work with more advantage."

"Aye; and I can have him tried and disposed of without further trouble to you, sire."

"No, no. I wish to see him," returned the Emperor. "I will give you the necessary order, and you may bring him here."

Peter then turned to his secretary, and bade him fill an order for Ruric Nevel's arrest. The stout master-at-arms looked on with a troubled countenance, and his glances toward the Duke were anything but loving. He did not seem to relish the business at all, and the expression of his countenance would seem to indicate that he did not believe all that the Duke had said.

However, the order was soon made out, and in the Duke's possession.

"Remember," said Peter—"you must bring him before me."

"You shall be obeyed, sire."

If the Emperor did not notice the strange, dark look of the Duke as he turned away, the Greek did; and he fancied, too, that he knew what it meant. But he said nothing then.

Olga bowed low as he clutched the order, and having once more promised obedience, he hurried from the imperial presence. As he passed out through the wide court he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and with his head bowed; but soon he started up—his hands came together with an emphatic movement, and he moved on more quickly. He had gained the street, and approached a small court within which stood a house of entertainment, where he stopped. In a few moments more a man came out from the inn, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that the new comer was the Duke he spoke.

"Olga—is't you?"

"Yes."

It needed but a single glance in the dim starlight, to recognize the form of the hump-backed priest. He walked quickly to where the Duke stood, and the two moved off together.

"Now what luck?" Savotano asked, as they gained the street once more.

"Good—as good as I could even hope," returned the Duke. "I have the power for arresting the gunmaker."

"And for executing him?"

"It amounts to the same. I am ordered to bring him before the Emperor; but that is easily managed."

Here the Duke stopped and gazed about him, and then bending his head, so that no word could possibly pass beyond his companion's ears, he continued—

"You can call upon three of your best men, and I can furnish two from among my own servants. Early in the morning—by the time the sun is up—they must be at the gunmaker's dwelling. They must make him angry—of course he will resist—and then kill him. It is very simple—very. They can easily despatch him thus, and then we have only to tell the Emperor that he resisted the imperial authority even unto death. So you see this is even better than it would have been had I received direct authority for his death; for then some form of trial would have been necessary, but now we have only to go to his house—provoke him to quarrel—kill him—and then tell the Emperor how it happened. What think you?"

"Why," returned the priest, with a wicked chuckle, "I can only say that Master Nevel is done for—he is a dead man."

"Exactly. Nothing could be better—nothing."

After the explanation of this fiendish scheme, the two walked on some distance in silence.

"Stop," uttered the Duke, catching his companion by the arm. "There come two persons this way. We must not meet them. Here—into this passage—quick!"

It was a narrow, dark passage leading to the next street, into which the Duke dragged his companion, and here he meant to remain until the two persons had passed. The fact was, the Duke did not wish to be seen with the priest at that hour in the street, and it is no matter of surprise that he should at that moment have been influenced by guilty fear. The two pedestrians came on, and passed the spot where the men stood. They were females, and one of them the priest saw in the face. The features were upturned to the starlight, and he recognized them. He caught the Duke quickly and nervously by the arm.

"'Twas the Countess!" he whispered.

"*Rosalind?*" gasped Olga.

"Yes—as sure as death!"

"Then come—quick!"

Savotano understood the meaning of this, and he followed the Duke quickly out. At a few bounds Olga reached the females, and one of them he caught by the arm. She uttered a sharp, quick cry, and as she turned her face up she revealed the fair features of the Countess Rosalind Valdai! The priest had no need to stop the other girl, for she stopped of her own accord as soon as she found that her mistriss was captured.

"Aha!" Olga uttered, when he saw that pale face. "What now, eh? Where are you bound at this unseemly hour?"

"Oh, God!" It was all the poor girl could utter. She saw the dark face of her hated and feared guardian, and the last glimmer of hope faded from her soul.

"It is fortunate I have found you," the Duke resumed, fastening his gripe surely upon the maiden's arm, "for you might have fallen into difficulty else. You were bound for the imperial palace, eh?"

At first Rosalind thought of struggling for escape, but she felt the strong gripe upon her arm, and she knew that such a movement could result only in her own harm.

"Say," repeated the Duke, "were you not bound for the palace?"

"Aye, proud Duke, I was," the Countess replied, gazing up into the man's face. "I was trying to escape from your accursed power!"

"Aha! But come—we'll turn towards home. You'll be better off there. And this is our little Zenobie, is it?"

The attendant looked up, but she made no reply. Then Olga turned to the priest.

"Savotano, hurry off your men in the morning, and then come to me. I'll have work for you to-morrow.

And then, with a sinking, breaking heart, Rosalind Valdai was led back towards the ducal palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.

A majority of character, throughout civilized society, gets its mood and bent from home influences. Education, it has been well said, forms the common mind, and home influences are the most impressive common educators. Good or bad, their potency is the same. What else can reasonably be so authoritative to the mind of a child as the teachings and examples of parents —parents universally regarded by their children as supreme in judgment and power. And this being the case, how careful should parents and guardians be, that all their teachings and examples are on the side of virtue. How frequently the parent is called to reprove in the child, a passion or practice caught from that parent's example. We have known a father, habitually profane, to punish a son for swearing. We have known a mother, of ungoverned temper, to punish a daughter for an imitative tithe of her own faults. This is inconsistent and unjust, and children soon see it thus—and so to the bad influence of bad example, is added the worse influence of injustice.

But besides virtuous teachings and examples, there are other means of happy influences accessible to most homes. Chief among these are flowers, books and newspapers, pictures, music and cheerful social games. By a proper use of these, childhood may not only gain knowledge and refinement with the most positive pleasure, but they will serve, not alone as a guard, but as the best and surest guard against temptation to less innocent enjoyments. What home—even in the rudest cabin—so poor but flowers may be cultivated therein? How few are the American homes where books and newspapers may not be had. And pictures, with their endless charm for children, the illustrated papers and cheap engravings will furnish them for a trifle. As for music, few are the children whom God has not gifted to make it, with but little study. Of social games, it needs but the will to have them in abundance.

It is not so much the fault of children—ever restless, curious and aspiring—that they are impatient of the meagre surroundings of their homes. They will tire even of sunshine, daisies and butterflies; tire of all lovable and healthful out-of-door pastimes, and not long can they be kept cheerful and happy within doors, except there be a diversity of pleasant occupations there. And as the occupations, so will be the influences. Yet though, as Wordsworth says, "the child is father of the man," and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," how many parents rid themselves of their children's impatience by turning them away to do as they please, rather than take the trouble—which ought to be a pleasure—to provide them agreeable occupation. Alas! in after years too many such parents will have cause to regret that, first of all, they did not attend to that first and greatest of parental duties, the surrounding of their children with pleasant, controlling home influences.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING."

A most fallacious proverb, for one so universally accepted. It depends not a little upon circumstances, whether we believe all we see. If we are against our interest or pre-conceit, ten to one that we soon find some excuse for doubt or denial. Even if we believe, it may be far enough from what it is warranted by the sight. If seeing were truly believing, who could be without a firm belief in God? Surely there is no soul, with open eyes of sense, but sees enough between each rise and set of sun to demonstrate the existence of a God. Providence, humanity, truth and justice, are visible to multitudes who practically deny their existence. Thomas saw, but doubted until he could thrust his finger in the master's wounded side. There is marvellous much believed in that is not seen—believed in to the point of bigotry and hatred—but, strange as it may seem, our unbelief is oftenest excited by what we see. It is only necessary for the sight to be extraordinary, to challenge all our suspicion and skepticism. As eating would always prove the pudding, were our tastes immaculate, so seeing would always be believing, if our optics were above deception and in keeping with the temper of our minds and hearts. But such is not the case. The conviction of sight is often as shaky as conviction from argument, and the couplet—

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still,"

is too well founded in common experience to require approving comment. We have a double sight, so to speak, and if one could see equally well and at the same time, with his spiritual and sensual eyes, he would believe upon sight vastly more, and more truly, than he now does. Then the words of the poet would be significant,

> "Heaven is not far from those who see
> With the pure spirit's sight,
> But near, and in the very hearts
> Of those who see aright."

Three Levelers.—The vanity of those distinctions on which mankind pride themselves will be sufficiently apparent, if we consider the three places in which all men must meet on the same level—at the foot of the cross, in the grave, and at the judgment-bar.

HAROLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Sick, sick of this dead, stony calm—
This calm, so long upon my indolent soul,
Where breeze, nor storm, nor thunder stirs—
This calm so like a cold-eyed, fireless death !

II.

Lo ! on yon Alp
The earnest Harold towers !
Lo ! how he waves
His air-compelling hand !
Hist ! hear the moanings of his cloudy harp !—
The tempest like a joyous god is forth !

III.

There is a motion on the sleeping waves—
The wind goes crinkling o'er the startled Deep :
There is a movement in the marble sky—
The red-eyed Thunder crouches for his spring !

IV.

O life ! O joy !
O boundless extacy !
On, on thou storm
Along my soul's roused sea !
No more I welter in ignoble shrouds—
My brother is the storm, the fire-winged storm !

BOBON SAVES HIS MASTER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Jacques Pierrot, who was born and brought up in the city of Bourdeaux, France, bought him a dog, and married him a wife, in the reign of the Sixteenth Louis. His dog was a large, brown, shabby creature, which many called ugly; but nobody ever applied that epithet to Pierrot's wife, who was young, sylph-like, pretty and fascinating. Jacques loved two creatures—so he said at least—his dog and his wife. We mention the dog first, because *he* always did, and it was the one of his two loves which he first procured.

Now, though Jacques loved both dog and wife, and the dog seemed to love both master and mistress, the wife, for some reason, did not love both husband and dog, but disliked the latter exceedidgly, perhaps because she fancied he divided affections that should have been all her own.

"Jacques," she would frequently say to him, "now do *sell* that ugly brute, if you can find anybody fool enough to buy him—or, if not, *give* him away. He is only in the way here, and eats as much as you or I."

"Now, my dear Jeanette," Jacques would reply, "you'd be one of the sweetest and most reasonable little beauties in the world, if you'd only appreciate poor Bobon, who's a dog that knows as much as either of us."

"Speak for yourself, Master Jacques, and not for me! It's no great compliment to the dog to say he knows as much as you. But if he knew ten times as much, of what use would he be to us? for he takes all out, and brings nothing in."

"But I like company, Jeanette."

"Well, haven't you me?"

"Yes—but you can't follow me all about the city as Bobon does."

"I wish I could, and make a nightly report for your benefit."

"Yes, but I don't want any report, and so prefer the dog, who's always discreet and keeps a civil tongue. And then, Jeanette, you know he guards the house at night!"

"Guards fiddle-sticks, Jacques! Why, we've nothing for anybody to steal!"

"But the thieves don't *know* that, my dear, you see. And then, if some of the rascals should happen to hear you talking so sweetly to me, who knows but they'd just carry you off, and leave me to break my heart in solitude. You see I got Bobon for some purpose—I don't exactly know what—but it'll turn up some day, as sure as I'm a prophet."

"Pshaw! you're a fool, Jacques!"

"I know it, but I can't help it, any more than you can help being so sweet and pretty."

"Well, there, Jacques," Jeanette would generally wind up, with a kiss, "you are a dear, good soul, so you are; and if you'll only promise to love me best, you may keep Bobon as long as you like."

This kind of colloquy generally took place as often as once, sometimes twice, a week—Jeanette beginning with a firm determination to get rid of the dog, and ending with her permission for him to remain as long as he and his master might think proper.

The subject of this family bickering was a very sagacious animal, who behaved himself as all gentlemanly dogs should. His master did not stretch the truth a great deal, when he said that Bobon knew as much as himself or wife—for the dog was a remarkable dog, and would seem to comprehend many things like a rational human being. For instance, during the wrangle about himself, he would steal sorrowfully away, under the bed or under the table, and there, with his large, bright, noble-looking brown eyes fixed earnestly upon the contending parties, would seem to listen anxiously for the conclusion; and then, if favorable to himself, as it generally was, he would come forth wagging his tail, and look up cheerfully, almost *humanly*, into the faces of both.

Time rolled on, France became as a troubled ocean, and a perfect tornado of human passion swept madly over the Ship of State. The good but vacillating King Master was put under hatches, and a monstrous and bloody Insanity took the helm, and ran the old, leaky and crime-laden vessel upon the breakers of faction, where she speedily became a wreck, and engulfed hundreds of thousands of human beings who had embarked in her for the voyage of life.

Speaking without figure, that bloody epoch, known as the Reign of Terror, had begun in France; and thousands, of all classes and ages, were being daily dragged to prisons and dungeons, to be thence conveyed to reeking guillotines, and sinking hulks, or to some open spot of fiendish massacre.

But so far, Jacques and Jeanette, though often horrified at what they saw and heard, remained unmolested; and Bobon still kept them company; and at last even Jeanette went so far as to say she was glad the noble brute was with them, and that she would not part with him for any money.

Jacques Pierrot was a smith by trade—which was a good business in those days, when fetters, chains, bolts, swords, axes, knives, and fire-arms were in such constant requisition—and believing himself as safe at the forge as elsewhere, he kept steadily at his work from day to day, minding his own business, giving everybody a civil word, and venturing no opinion on any subject. Bobon regularly accompanied him to and from his work; and as Jacques was rather systematic and precise on certain points, Jeanette might look out at a certain minute, and see them both, side by side, coming up the street to their meals.

One day, as the supper-hour drew near, Jeanette glanced at the clock, and then quickened all her motions, for she was a little behind time with the meal; and as Jacques was always so punctual, she prided herself on always being ready for him at the minute.

At length the viands stood smoking on the table; and looking up again at the clock, Jeanette was surprised to perceive the minute hand had passed the hour without Jacques being present.

"What can detain him?" she murmured, with a strange dread of evil creeping over her, as she hurried to the door and looked anxiously down the street. "Not to be seen either," she continued, with nervous anxiety; "what can it mean? Mon Dieu! if they should have taken him away to prison!" and Jeanette clasped her hands upon her heart, and staggered back into the house.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed away, and yet no Jacques. This suspense was not to be borne; better the reality, however fearful; something terrible must have happened; and throwing a light shawl over her head, Jeanette flew down to the smithery. The doors were open—the fire was burning—but no Jacques was there. She made hurried and anxious inquiries of the passers-by; but they scarely heeded her; for that was not a judicious time for persons to know anything, or care to know anything, about matters of State, or about individuals who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

At length the distress of Jeanette attracted the attention of an old woman in the vicinity, who, after some qestioning, informed her that the smith had been marched off between two rough-looking men, who might be officers of the Revolutionary Commission.

"Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! my poor dear Jacques!" cried the half-frantic wife, wringing her hands. "As I feared, he has been taken to prison, and I will follow and die with him!"

But it was not so easy for the unhappy Jeanette to follow the missing Jacques, simply because she knew not where to go; and no one, not even the old woman, could tell her whither he had been taken. So she finally went home in great distress, to wait for another day, or some tidings of him; but she had scarcely entered the house, when she heard Bobon scratching and whining at the door. The moment she admitted him, he flew to his master's vacant seat at the table, put his fore-paws upon it, looked up sorrowfully in her face, and gave utterance to a low, mournful cry.

"Where is your master, Bobon?" said Jeanette, bursting into tears.

The dog jumped down, with a slight bark, and ran to the door.

It then occurred to Jeanette to let him out and follow him. This she did, and he led her to the massive gate of the main prison of Bourdeaux. Tremblingly she knocked at the gate; and of the porter who opened the wicket, she inquired if Jacques Pierrot was confined within. The man gruffly replied that he didn't know, and didn't care to know, and advised the fair questioner to go about her business.

Thus repulsed, poor Jeanette sat down by the gate and cried for an hour—the noble dog standing beside her all the while, and looking the sorrow which he had no language to express. When at last Jeanette got up and went home with a heavy heart, the intelligent animal accompanied her to the door, and then bounded away to take his post at the prison gate, and watch for an opportunity to get in to his master.

Jeanette passed a sleepless night, praying for the deliverance of him she loved. The next morning at daylight she again repaired to the prison, but Bobon was not to be seen. She made further inquiries for her husband, and learned he was imprisoned within, but could not be communicated with till after his trial, which would take place whenever the authorities should see proper. What the charges were against him her informant either did not know or would not tell. Poor Jeanette after this remained most of the day at the gate of the prison, but heard nothing more concerning her husband, and saw nothing more of Bobon.

The evening following, the dog returned to her and acted very strangey. He barked and whined, rubbed his head against her knees, looked up wistfully and keenly into her face, and occasionally put up a paw to his neck as if to remove his collar. Whenever Jeanette would open the door as before for him to conduct her to his master, he would catch hold of her dress with his teeth, and run back, and howl plaintively, and then go through with all his strange motions again. Did he want to communicate something, poor fellow?

At length it occurred to Jeanette that his collar might hurt him, and she proceeded to remove it. The dog held perfectly still till she had accomplished her purpose, and then whined joyously, wagged his tail, and skipped about playfully. But there appeared to be nothing wrong about the collar; and Jeanette would have buckled it on again, only that, whenever she attempted it, the poor brute would crouch down, and howl so mournfully as to cause her to desist.

Suddenly, in turning the collar over in her hand, Jeanette, to her great surprise and delight, espied a few words scratched along the center, as it might be with a sharp stone or nail. With a palpitating heart she immediately set to work to decipher them; and soon, with such feelings as only one in her situation might experience, she made them out as follows:

"*Fasten a bit of pencil and paper to the collar, and let Bobon come back to Jacques.*"

Tremblingly Jeanette set to work to comply with the request of her poor, dear, imprisoned husband; and as soon as this was accomplished, the dog quietly permitted her to buckle on the collar, and rushed with a bark and a bound through the door open for his exit.

That night and the next day passed slowly away, without the anxious wife hearing anything more from her husband; but the night ensuing the dog came back; and on removing his collar she found, penciled on the paper she had sent, the following hopeful note:

> "I'm confined in an upper cell. The grated window is toward the east. Between the prison and an open space beyond, is a high wall. There's a fine saw down at the shop, amongst my small best tools, made from the main-spring of a watch. Send me that, coiled up in the collar of Bobon. I always told you I bought that dog for something, and now I know for what. I think I can cut the bars and lower myself into the yard. The second night from this, at two o'clock precisely, throw one end of a rope over the wall, and fasten the other, so that I can draw myself up, if I happen to get out,—and, with the saints' blessing, I may. I don't know what I'm charged with, and don't believe any body else does; but the place has a guillotine feel about it, and I'd rather be off with you and Bobon. I'm not very closely watched. Don't fail me, and soon I hope your arms will again clasp your poor Jacques."

It is needless to follow out the result in detail. The saw was found and secreted in the collar of Bobon, who, true to an instinct amounting to reason, flew back to the prison, and awaited his chance of dodging in at the first opening of the gate. Terribly exciting were the hours passed by Jeanette, till the time came for her to act, and to be made happy with success, or be rendered wretched by failure.

At one o'clock of the eventful night which was to witness her happiness or misery, the trembling and half-fainting wife took her station in the deep shade of the eastern wall of the prison, with a rope coiled in one hand, and Bobon, who had joined her a few hours before, now standing quietly and patiently by her side. Oh! how her poor heart beat! and how every sound made the blood leap, and her nerves thrill!

At last the great clock of a neighboring cathedral struck heavily and solemnly the hour of two. No longer trembling, but nerving herself for the great purpose she had in view, Jeanette quickly poised the coil in her right hand, and, holding firmly to one end of it with her left, sent it upward, with a sincere prayer, into the air, and heard a faint, dull sound as it struck on the other side.

Was HE there? Somebody was—for, in less than a minute, she felt a slight pull upon the rope. Quickly fastening her end around her body, she grasped it with both hands, and thus held against the heavier strain that followed. Harder and heavier became the strain upon the rope; but throwing herself against the wall, she still held firmly, till she felt the cord suddenly loosen; and then looking upward, her heart fairly leaped to her mouth as she beheld a dark figure upon the top of the wall. A minute later, Jacques stood safe beside her—having run down along the rope, which he had taken the precaution to fasten on the other side before making his ascent.

No word was now spoken—not a whisper—even the dog remained silent. Grasping the hand of Jeanette, Jacques stealthily, silently, and hurriedly led her away, through one dark and narrow street after another, till he reached a place of safety. The next day a search was made for him; but he managed to keep himself secreted till after the Reign of Murder had ceased to be; and then he came forth from his hiding-place, and made a boast of his own cunning, his wife's devotion, and his dog's sagacity.

THE COQUETTE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

The admired of many eyes and the beloved of numberless hearts (male ones, be it understood, for women are strangely chary in bestowing affection upon her) is Amanda Littleton. See how regally she stands, begirt by her worshiping subjects! How the ball-room moths, that float around her, sun themselves in the light of her liberally dispensed smiles!

> "Bright as the sun her eyes the gazer strike,
> But, like the sun, they *shine on all alike.*"

As a juggler plays with his glittering balls, she is skillfully sporting with all those hearts—keeping them flying around her, yet attracted to her, powerless to break the charmed circle. But the artillery, with which she conquers, is so light that it seems cowardice to fly its graceful battery. The arts by which she ensnares are so subtle that the wisest of her train can neither analyze nor withstand them. The favors she tosses as rewards to this or that suppliant are so harmless, so equally distributed, that none dare chide her prodigality. 'Tis but a languishing look she bestows on that adorer—a triumphant smile on this—that tender sigh is for another—something very like a blush is the guerdon of a fourth who is pouring soft flatteries into her ear. But even while she listens to his praises, her eyes are wandering afar—she arches her slender throat and glances over her snowy shoulder—the loadstone of that look attracts another admirer to her side; and the glance is repeated again and again with victorious result. An indefinable instinct, the fifth sense which belongs to coquetry, invariably warns her whenever a possible captive comes within reach of her enthralment.

What wondrous power lies concealed within the witching depths of those eyes of hers! We have watched their play, while her dewy lips mutely kissed each other, and the most impassioned words would have been less eloquent than the unspoken language telegraphed from those human windows. Now they are uplifted with saint-like expression—now musingly half-closed—now the clear orbs dance and flash—now gaze dreamily through liquid lustre;—suddenly the sweeping lashes drop in confusion over the blooming cheek—then are rapidly raised in glad surprise. No need of utterance to convey her real or simulated emotions, with such eyes to say more than lips could fitly syllable.

But do not imagine that she is always thus silent, far from it; and her voice imparts a charm to the veriest *persiflage* by the rare faculty of attuning itself to the mood of the hearer. At one moment her tones are full of melting sweetness—at another ringing with mirth—again gravely subdued or breaking forth into a gush of silvery, but never loud, laughter; and now and then as she speaks, her aromatic breath touches the cheek that bows towards her and sets the listener's pulses throbbing in rapturous tumult.

The very rustling of her dress, as it sweeps along, has an alarum sound that cries "follow!" and truly a motley procession follows at the signal. The modern Alcisthenes walks arm in arm with the high priest of science—the laureled hero and head with cap and bells loom out side by side—the Solon of the bench hobbles to keep pace with the springy step of the brainless exquisite.

Have we conveyed the impression that Amanda owes her fascination to the "fatal gift" of superlative beauty? That is an error. Strictly handsome she can scarely be called; but she is so piquantly, picturesquely *irresistible* in face, and form, and mien, and ways, that the faultless beauty, who aspires to be a rival in her absence, flies the field the instant that Amanda appears. Her supremacy lies in a kind of bewildering witchery, which makes itself felt in the very opening and shutting of her fan—the motion of her delicate hand—the transient peeping of her small foot from beneath her ample drapery—the heaving of her alabaster breast—aye, in the very rebellion of that tiny curl which invariably breaks the bondage of those glossy braids. Too suggestive of liberty is that recreant "love-lock" which jewelled fingers are constantly thrusting back, or which a toss of the Phidian head sets quivering along with the red rose imprisoned in her soft tresses, and the long spray, tipped with an opening bud, that roams caressingly down her white shoulders.

But there is no disorder about her toilette, save that which is apparent in the straying of the escaped ringlet, which brings to mind Pope's declaration that "man's imperial race" are ensnared by fair tresses, that beauty draws by "a single hair," and recalls what some other bard has sung about lovers "being tangled in the meshes of Phillis' locks."

Did we venture to use the word "disorder" in relation to Amanda's toilette? That expression was singularly inappropriate, for she is attired with such exquisitely elaborate care, that one might imagine there was no leisure in her day for any other employment than the arraying of her fair person—not time even for thanks to Him who fashioned the loveliness she delights to deck; or else we might fancy that she had revived the custom of those courtly belles in days of yore, whose toilettes and devotions progressed at the same moment,—who worshiped the idol reflected in their mirrors and their God together,—who gave audience at once to the chaplain and the hair-dresser, and joined in the prayers read by the former while the skilful fingers of the latter twined the long ringlets, braided the shining tresses, or laced the broidered boddice over the unsanctified heart.

But if Amanda pleads not guilty to this grave charge, and is virtuously indignant at the comparison to those historic dames—those Helens of a laxer age—we must venture to assure her that there are other respects in which she bears them too strong a resemblance for denial.

Like them, she is somewhat too generous in the revealing of her charms—like them, she will listen unreprovingly to words too bold—and grant too much to man's entreaty; but she is prudent withal—she always pauses, self-possessed and immovable, on the verge of an indiscretion, for it is not the compulsive ardor of a sensuous nature, but a cold, calculating barter for admiration that urges her to the brink of danger.

But when some true heart, wholly subdued by her spells, some honorable wooer, thinks he has noted those "weather signs of love," which prognosticate a happy suit, and the hour comes for him to ask that question which is the highest tribute he can pay to womanhood, how is Amanda moved by the invitation to "walk the long path" by his side? Where is the bashful tremor that runs through a responsive heart? Where is the mantling veil of rose that seeks to enshroud an innocent face from a lover's gaze? Where is the downcast look of maidenly confusion—the stifled breath that with this strange, new joy, should choke her utterance or turn her words into sobs? True, a flush *is* on her cheek, but it is the exultant flag uplifted at victory. The snowy lid falls over the eye, but it is to hide the glance of triumph. The voice has a faltering cadence, but it is not the accent of womanly agitation.

Amanda feigns a most charming surprise at this *unexpected* declaration—she murmurs some incoherent platitudes about *friendship*—chides herself for the hardness of her heart, and is zealous with honied words to pluck out the sting from her rejection, that she may not wholly lose one of her train. Thus year after year she plays her game, with consummate tact and unflagging spirit, and daily counts the hearts she has won as religiously as a devotee tells the beads of her rosary.

Strange to say, the French bullion of Amanda's attractions has brighter glitter than the true gold of purer graces, and she holds her empire longer than many a lovelier, worthier contemporary. Two or three generations of lesser belles fade around her before Time lays a destroying finger on her meretricious charms. Even he, the remorseless, is kept at bay by her witchcraft.

But in the end the law of compensation will not suffer violence. We dare to predict that the retribution of one of two, equally deplorable, fates, is awaiting the conquering Amanda. Either she will miss the love of the only man whose affection she could have returned, and will spend her desolate and uncomforted age in mourning over the vanished triumphs which were her sole happiness, but which can never return; or else, just as she suspects that her light is beginning to wane, she will allow the most abject of her admirers, after numberless petitions, to swear himself her slave for life. But no sooner shall he humbly encircle her taper finger with the golden round than the twain will change places. All the chains with which Amanda has manacled others will seem gathered together, and their weight heaped upon her own spirit,—all the arrows she has sped will fly back and transfix her own heart. She will find the slave of yore transformed into the most unsparing of tyrants, and the dethroned sovereign will hopelessly sink into the humblest, dullest, most dejected of captives.

Hearken, fair Amanda, and be warned! *Surrender at discretion!* Lay down thine arms at the feet of some worthy suitor—yield thyself up trustingly to his mercy, and escape either destiny predicted.

A CHAPTER ON NURSES.

Can anybody tell why nurses are always fat? Is there anything in the atmosphere of a sick room, or in the sight of phials, pills, leeches, potions, blisters and plasters, to give one an appetite? I solemnly affirm that I never saw a bony nurse—never. There's a horrid mystery about it which I have in vain tried to solve. With what a lazy waddle they roll round the apartment, and how your flesh creeps as they fix their unsympathizing eyes upon you; you are so sure that they had just as lief bring you your shroud as a clean nightcap; that it is quite immaterial to them whether the next thing that comes through the door is a bowl of gruel or your coffin; in fact, that they would be immensely gratified if you'd hurry up your dying, and let them off to the pleasurable excitement of a new subject.

And then that professional sniffle when a visitor asks, "How is your patient, nurse?" It is a poor satisfaction, to make faces at her under the sheet, as she answers; but I have done it! I shouldn't be surprised, now, if you thought that was unamiable. Ah! you never had her twitch down the curtain over a lovely sunset, that was soothing you like a cool hand on your forehead, and light a little, nasty "nurse-lamp," merely because she knew you hadn't strength enough to say, "Please, don't." A nurse-lamp! that you have contemplated night after night in the silent, dreary watches, till it seemed like an evil eye, glimmering and glowing, fascinating you in spite of yourself, till the perspiration stood in cold drops on your forehead, while the watch went "tick," "tick," and the fat old nurse snored away, and each nerve in your body seemed a separate and more perfect engine of torture. No wonder you hate to see her unnecessarily shorten the daylight and repeat the horror. But she'll do it; of course she'll do it. If you had not wanted her to, you should have told her that of all sublunary things, you fancied a night-lamp. Now I leave it to you, if, after that and kindred crucifixions of momentary occurrence, you could stand that pious sniffle with which she answers the question, "How is your patient, nurse?"

And then, if she wouldn't be so excruciatingly officious at such a time, one might swallow one's disgust. If, when a visitor comes in, she wouldn't twitch your pillow from under your head, just as you are knowing your first comfortable moment, and giving it a shake and a pat, thrust it under your head again, forcing your chin down into your breast-bone, and half dislocating your neck, just to show them how attentive she is; if she wouldn't strip down the blanket, or pile on a dozen quilts, when you are just the right temperature, for the same reason, I think it would be more jolly. Then if, after all that, she wouldn't stand, and *keep* standing, so near the corner of your mouth, that you couldn't call her some "rantankerous" name by way of relief; though, at another time, when you were dying for a glass of water, she'd leave you all alone, and take half an hour to get it; if she wouldn't do all these things—but she will. *She grows fat on thwarting her patients: I know it.* Of course, if your strength equaled your disgust, you wouldn't *be* thwarted; you'd obstinately persist in admiring everything she did, though she should comb your hair with a red hot poker, but being sick and babyish, one can only whimper; and there is where they have us.

"Ill-natured article." Well, suppose it is an ill-natured article? Am I to be the only saint in the world? Am I to pussy-cat round a subject, and never show my claws, or stick up my back, when I catch sight of the enemy! I cry you mercy; in that case I should have been devoured long ago. Beside, wasn't the handle broken off a lovely little porcelain "gift cup" this morning? and isn't it raining cats and dogs, though I *must* go out? and are not these as good reasons for making somebody uncomfortable as *you* had, Sir, or *you*, Madam, for that little thing you did or said this morning to some poor soul in your power, who couldn't resent it? Please get out of your own glass house before you throw stones at mine.

"But there are good, kind nurses." Well, I am glad to hear it. Upon my soul, I believe it. Since you say so, and I have had my growl out, I think I remember two or three. They'll go to Heaven, of course. What more do you want?

FANNY FERN.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

AMBITION, Avarice, Love, Revenge—all these seek Happiness, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys to them. To Ambition she sends power; to Avarice, wealth; to Love, jealousy; to Revenge, remorse—and what are these but so many other names for vexation and disappointment.

WHEN any one complains, as Diogenes did, that he has to hunt the streets with candles at noon-day to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in making the discovery.

IF all mankind were suddenly to betake themselves to telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, the whole world would appear to have put *on* a mask merely from having taken one *off*.

A NEW YORK paper speaks of an individual with an aquiline nose found in the possession of a pocket-book supposed not to belong to him. His nose and his pocket-book were both *hook-ed*.

SELF-LOVE, in spite of all that has been said against it, performs divers necessary offices in the drama of life, and, like friction in mechanics, is not without its compensations of good.

IT is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the dates that are shaken from the trees by the wind; these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

IF the great Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, had not differed from all the physicians of his own day, all the physicians of the present day would not have agreed with him.

IT is the part of wisdom to do great things without a fuss. When Solomon, the wisest of men, built his wondrous temple, no sound of saw or hammer was heard therein.

AN Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war.

"I AM sure I cannot live long," said a very dirty-looking patient to his physician. "Is that any reason, sir, why you should carry dirt enough to bury you?"

SLYNESS or cunning is a characteristic of a pretty large proportion of the better of the sexes. Many a woman, like the Spartan boy, carries a fox in her bosom.

TRAVELERS are entitled to courtesy and politeness. The man who undertakes to conduct a rail-road train should have learned to conduct himself.

THE happiest thing in life is to deserve and obtain the love of valuable men; and the next felicity is to get rid of fools and villains.

WE don't know that any person would be forgiven by God for killing himself, but certainly a good many would be freely forgiven by mankind.

"I FEAR you are about sewed up," said a croaking friend to a cheerful invalid. "Oh, no, I have only one little stitch in my side."

IT was said of an exquisite portrait that, to judge by the *eye*, it did not want speech; for this could be detected only by the *ear*.

IT is published that several young ladies in New Orleans are studying dentistry. We suspect their object is to get near the gentlemen's lips.

SOME minds are like almond-trees; they have no foliage, and their thoughts, like the white blossoms, spring from bare and leafless branches.

IT may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

THEY say it is an ill mason that refuses any stone; and there is no knowledge but is useful in skillful hands

WE suppose that toleration is carried quite far enough when men tolerate intolerance.

WHEN a preacher's sermons are full of power, we suppose we may call him Minister Plenipotentiary.

"I LIVE by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lady. "You look, sir, as if you ought to live *in* a pen."

IT is a terrible indication when the heart grows black as the head grows white.

HE that has much and wants more is poor; he who has little and wants no more is rich.

SOME hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadow of life.

IF folly were a physical pain, what a moaning and groaning world this would be.

WE suppose that a man, who *never speaks*, may be said always to *keep his word*.

HE that shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN living near Nashville, who had been absent in California some three years, on coming home recently, found a babe only a few months old lying in the cradle. With a cruelty utterly diabolical, he at once cut off the infant's ears, to avenge his "wounded honor." The screams of the little sufferer called in the family, when the infuriated man learned that the child belonged to a neighbor who was visiting his wife; and he had to flee to escape a lynching.

A LADY living in Brooklyn recently left her babe with a servant girl, while she went out for a walk. On her return, the infant was crying violently, and not being able to pacify it, she sent for the family physician, who found the little thing's shoulder out of joint. A little four-year old boy of the family said "sissy cried," and the "naughty girl shook her real hard." Let mothers take warning.

A FEW nights since there was "a rat-killing" in a low den in water street, whereat a famous dog killed a hundred rats in an incredibly short space of time. There was some dispute in regard to paying over the stakes and a row ensued, during which the "famous dog" was killed, to the lasting grief of his owner, who has brought a suit for five thousand dollars damages against the keeper of the place.

THERE were sixty-three thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight deaths in London during the last year—enough to sweep off the entire population of a good-sized city. The births, for the same period, were eighty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty; being an excess over the deaths of nearly twenty-five thousand.

BY a recent census of Utah, it appears that in that Territory there are four thousand six hundred and thirteen men who have, altogether, no less than fifteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-three wives. A few have only one wife each; some have a dozen each; and Brigham Young has over forty.

A MAN who was formerly a wealthy merchant in this city, recently attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, in the ladies' cabin of a Jersey City ferry-boat, but was prevented by a gentleman sitting next him. The unhappy man said he was driven to the rash act by want.

THE hostler in a stable in East Brooklyn, a few nights since attempted to flog a restive horse into submission, and the animal becoming enraged, sprang upon him, beat him down, and would probably have killed him, had not some of the drivers come to his assistance.

A MAN named Russell, living in Boston, recently had a dispute with his wife about domestic matters, and discovering that she "had no faith in him," went into a bedroom, stretched himself upon the bed, and blew his brains out.

DURING a late thunder-storm near Columbia, Ohio, as a farmer's family were eating dinner, a stroke of lightning broke every crockery dish on the table and melted some of the metal ones, without in the least injuring any of the household.

IT appears by a tabular statement recently issued by a statistician, that four hundred and twenty-three persons have been killed in the United States and Canada, within the past year, by steamboat and railroad accidents.

POISONING seems to have become one of the "institutions" of the age. Some twenty cases have been reported by the press, in different parts of the country, within a month.

A YOUNG man named Gadsden, who had been for some weeks at Pike's Peak, having become utterly destitute and disheartened, blew his brains out with a revolver.

MANY persons who have been to Pike's Peak are declaring in the papers that "it is one of the most shameful humbugs of the day." Let everybody with the "gold fever" take warning.

IT is reported that a movement is on foot whereby the whole of Mexico is to be incorporated into the republic of the United States.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

'Tis a fleeting, changeful river,
Blent of calm and crested wave;
Flowing in and out, forever,
'Tween the cradle and the grave:
Changeful river, ever flowing,
Narrower and broader growing;
Flowing, flowing, ever going
Toward the still and solemn sea.

Forms of light and shapes of shadow
Float upon its troubled breast;
Through the moorland and the meadow,
On! the waters will not rest.

Here, a bud, by churl hand wrested,
Flung into the angry foam;
There, a flower, with blooms invested,
Plucked and ravished from its home.

Youth and age, and strength and weakness,
Beauty, innocence, and sin;
Pride and power, and love and meekness,
All, in turn, are gathered in.

Time and Death, two grim old warders,
Watch it rise and mark it flow;
Death, upon the still sea's borders,
Bids the ice-wind on it blow.

Changeful river—fond hearts parting!
In that still and solemn sea,
Joined—to heal the grief and smarting—
Bud and flower with stem, shall be.

For, o'er Time and Death, an angel—
God's strong angel—walks the wave,
Claiming with his trump, Evangel,
All that pass within the grave.

Claiming for his Lord and Master,
By the flaming cross he wears,
All—though battered by disaster—
All the sullen river bears:
Changeful river, ever flowing,
Narrower and broader growing,
Flowing, flowing, ever going
Toward the still and solemn sea.

THE GENEROUS FOE;

OR,

HOW ONE FAVOR WAS REPAID BY ANOTHER.

The night was waning towards the small hours. I had dropped into a fandango house, near the *Puente de la Virgen*, (the Virgen's Bridge) to pass an idle hour; and being weary of the monotonous twanging of discordant guitars, and the ceaseless shuffling of the dancers' feet, I buttoned my coat about me, and started alone towards my quarters.

I had reached the great square; and having replied to the familiar challenge of "*Who goes there!*" of our own sentinel, as I approached the guard house, passed on to the other side of the square.

As I left the clear open space, and entered the dark "*boco de calle*" (entrance to the street) of San Ignacio,—a tall figure, closely enveloped in the folds of a long capote, standing within the shadow of a projecting porch, attracted my attention. As since our occupation of the city, nightly assassinations had occurred, I drew my revolver, and cocking it with an audible click, and with one eye upon the motions of the suspicious object, was about to pass down the street.

At this moment, the stranger stepped boldly out into the middle of the street, and throwing open his capote, and removing his wide sombrero, exposed to the straggling light the shining shaven crown and rope-encircled gown of a Franciscan friar.

"*Muy felices noches, Señor Cirujano!* (a very happy evening, Sir Surgeon)—I have waited for you some time," said he, as he made a courteous salutation, and slowly returned the sombrero to his head. "And now, will you accompany me, Señor?"

"Where would you have me go?" I asked.

"Yonder, Señor," and the Franciscan pointed in the direction of the convent of his order, which occupied the square in the rear of the square.

"To tell you the truth, padre Francisco——"

"*Urbano*, Señor; my name is *padre Urbano*," said he, interrupting me.

"Well, padre Urbano, what assurance have I that you do not intend me harm?"

"*What assurance!*" repeated the friar, in tones in which he vainly endeavored to conceal no slight degree of indignation. "*This*, Señor Americano, the word of a monk of the holy order of San Francisco, solemnly pledged upon the sacred emblem of his faith," and he kissed the silver image suspended from his girdle. "Is the pledge sufficient?"

"Quite enough, padre Urbano; I will go with you. So lead the way." And restoring my pistol to its leathern scabbard, I turned out of the street leading to my quarters, and following the monk entered that of San Francisco, a short street, at the bottom of which loomed the gloomy front of the convent, in a room in which I found a group of Mexican officers assembled, apparently awaiting my arrival. One of them, a captain, at once requested me to accompany him on a professional errand to a wounded officer at some distance from the city, which, after due investigation, I consented to do.

The Mexicans furnished me with a horse, and we at once set out. After a ride of several miles we came in sight of a camp-fire; and as we approached the spot, were brought to a sudden stand by the abrupt challenge of a sentinel; but our party gave the countersign, and the soldier moving aside from the path, permitted us to pass the lines of the picket guard, enclosing a camp of *Lancers*—the most efficient troops of the Mexican army—so at least I guessed by the neighing of numerous horses that announced our arrival.

We rode on till, turning a point of a low hill, we found ourselves in view of a range of expiring camp-fires, and again were arrested by the challenge of a sentinel. Giving the usual countersign, we now entered the camp of the lancers, and passing in front of a line of tents, reached a small adobe rancho, upon the edge of a cultivated field.

Here I was requested to dismount, with the captain; and the officer approaching the house, tapped softly on the closed door. A voice from the interior faintly answered the knock, and bid us enter.

By the light of a dim lamp that burned in one corner of the room, I perceived a person lying on a camp-couch; while two soldiers, wrapped in their serapes, were sleeping on the floor.

As we entered, the same feeble voice inquired—

"Is it you, Captain Rodriguez?"

"Yes, my Colonel, and I have brought with me a surgeon; and what is better, an American surgeon; as not one of our own could be found in the city. They are all absent with the forces."

"Señor American, you are doubly welcome," answered the invalid officer, extending to me his hands. "I am suffering much; but I have no doubt your skill will soon relieve me;" and requesting the captain to call his attendants, the colonel desired me to make the necessary examination of his injury.

I found that he had been injured during the previous day by a fall of his horse, which resulted in a hernia, that had become strangulated; and an immediate operation was necessary. This was soon performed, and I had the satisfaction of pronouncing my patient out of danger, which he knew to have been imminent.

After partaking of some refreshments, and giving some directions for the treatment of the invalid, I signified my desire to return, in order that I might reach the city before the coming of daylight.

"Señor Doctor," said the Colonel, "I am sure I am under great obligation to you; for without your opportune arrival I am confident my hours would have been few. I am indebted to you for my life; and as we may possibly meet again, perhaps not under so peaceful circumstances as the present, I may be able to reciprocate your kind offices. Will you lay me under still more indebtedness by giving me your name?"

I handed him a card, on which was written my name and address in Monterey, in return for which I learned that my patient was Colonel Carasco of the Mexican army.

Some months had passed away, and I had almost forgotten the incidents above narrated, when I received an order to accompany a detachment detailed to escort a large wagon train from Monterey to Comargo, and return. At this time the roads were infested by large parties of the enemy, and it was necessary to send out the trains and expresses strongly guarded. On the present occasion a force of infantry, with two pieces of artillery, under the command of the gallant Major Luther Giddings of the Ohio Volunteers, had been ordered to the road. This escort at first had been detailed only to convoy the bearers of despatches from the field of Buena Vista; but afterwards, on the arrival of the wagon train from Saltillo, they also were turned over to the escort of the major.

The huge train of one hundred and fifty wagons made but slow progress, and with our comparatively small escort, presented a tempting prize to the enemy. We necessarily traveled slowly, but wherever we passed we perceived that the towns and ranchos were deserted. Not a Mexican was to be seen during a day's march. A suspicious silence reigned over the country; and from all the signs along our rout, we were satisfied that the enemy intended to dispute our passage.

The complete abandonment of the villages was partly explained by the horrid spectacle that met our eyes as we descended into a little valley near the pueblo at Ramas. It was the scene of the inhuman massacre of one of our trains a few days previous (Feb. 24), and there was no doubt the inhabitants of the region had fled, to avoid the retribution which they justly supposed this would provoke. The spot was one suited for the murderous and cowardly deed. It was so cut up with ravines and gullies, that a train would be forced to make the passage slowly, and frequently halt to assist each other. The wagons were escorted by a party of twenty-five Kentucky Volunteers, under Lieutenant Barbour, who were taken by surprise by the sudden onslaught of Mexicans, that had awaited their arrival in ambush. Before the Americans had time to act, they were surrounded by a force of more than ten times their number, and forced to capitualate without the firing of a gun. But no quarter had been given to the teamsters, the bodies of more than fifty of whom still lay festering there, naked, bloated, and blackened by sun and fire. Some of them, after being smeared with tar, had been burned to a crisp upon the wagons. Others, frightfully mangled with wounds, had been placed in an erect position, with pieces of their own flesh thrust into their mouths. The hearts of some had been torn from their breasts, and suspended from the bushes, or left to roast upon the rocks, reminding us of the revolting sacrifices of the Aztecs to the Sun. Indeed, such barbarous atrocities could only have been perpetrated by the progeny of those cannibals, and the cruel torturers of Gautemozin. The effluvia arising from the mass of putrefaction tainted the atmosphere to the summits of the hills bordering the valley. The road was marked for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of men, the carcasses of mules and pieces of the wagons, which had been broken up and partly burnt. The fugitives had evidently been hotly pursued, and some of them were slain far from the train. At one place even beyond the valley, I saw the half of a human head, which had been cleft from the crown downwards, lying in the road, at a great distance from any corpse. The face was upturned to the sun, and the shrunken and ghastly features made some staunch old horses of the passing escort to snort and tremble with fright. We had been on the road several days without encountering the enemy. But as we were approaching Cerralvo, at which place I had been previously stationed for some months, our advance scouts returned with the news that the town was full of Mexican troops, sallying out to intercept our passage.

I shall not go into a detailed account of the fight that followed, where our little force of less than two hundred and fifty men, encumbered, as we were, with a large train, and over seven hundred wild, unbroken mules, had to cut our way through almost two thousand Mexican cavalry and infantry combined. This action has been detailed, in the official report of it, by the accomplished officer who commanded our escort, and I only refer to it to carry out the object of this sketch, which is to show that gratitude and generosity are not unknown to the Mexican character.

During one of the charges of the enemy into our ranks, my horse, which was a native, and had never before been in an engagement, on being struck by a nearly spent ball, became unmanageable, and before I could spring from his back, dashed into the opposite chapparal, where the enemy were ambuscaded. Supposing at first that I was the advance of an attacking party, the rancheros, for such they were, retreated before me; but on perceiving that I was alone, they soon rallied, and completely surrounded me. I defended myself with my revolvers till my horse was shot down, when I was unable to extricate myself from his body. He had fallen across my leg. Still I had a few charges in my pistols, and disabled as I was, I kept the cowardly rabble at bay till the last shot had been expended.

At this moment a lancer came dashing across the road, and into the thickets, where I was surrounded by the rancheros, and yelling to them to open the way—charged furiously upon me. He thrust his spear-like lance at me, aiming it at my breast. But the weapon, owing to the sideway leap of his frightened horse, missed its mark, and struck into the ground between my body and right arm. I grasped the murderous instrument with all my strength and endeavored to wrest it from his hands. But as it was attached to his wrist by a leathern sling, the Mexican had the advantage of me, and by a sudden wrench tore it from me. Again he raised it in air, for another thrust, and this time, his horse, standing quiet, his aim would have been unerring. I closed my eyes and braced my chest for the fatal blow. But at that instant I heard close above me the discharge of a pistol, and a heavy body fell upon me, nearly knocking the breath from my body. On opening my eyes, I perceived that the saddle of the lancer was empty and his animal was dashing off into the thickets. Still, however, I was surrounded by the enemy, and although they were close upon me, none attempted to charge upon me again. Surprised at this, I essayed to free myself from the body that nearly suffocated me with its weight; for I discovered it was that of my assailant, the lancer. While struggling beneath this incubus, a Mexican officer leaped from his horse, and throwing his bridle to one of the rancheros, came to my assistance—and dragging the lancer from me, disentangled my leg from the body of my horse.

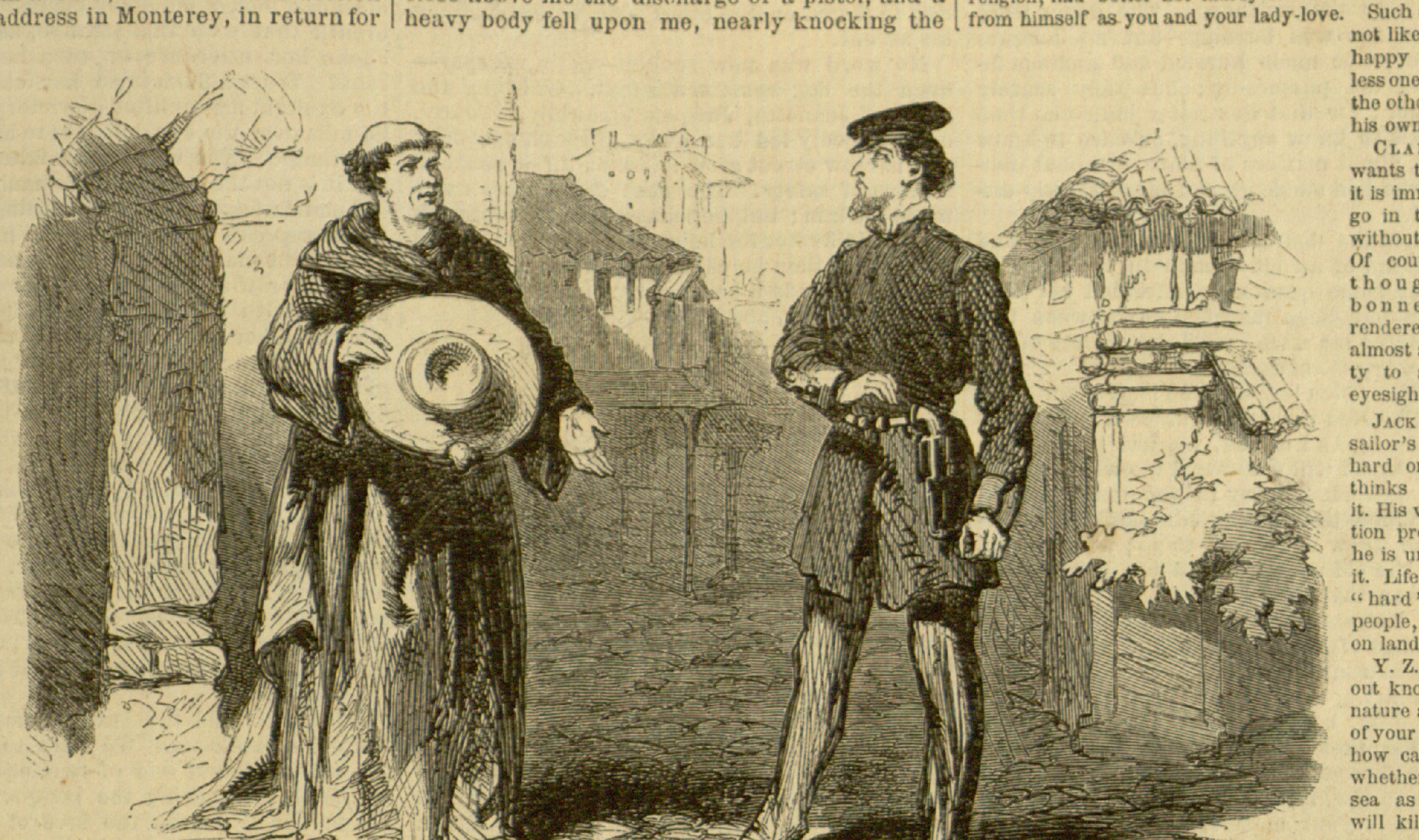
"Señor Cirujano," said my rescuer, "said I not we might meet again? I thank the good saints for this opportunity to repay in part, a debt I owe you."

"Who are you, Señor, to whom I am indebted for life, although a prisoner?"

"You are no prisoner, Señor," and extending his hand, the officer, complimenting me on what he termed my gallant defence, informed me that he was Colonel Carasco of the Mexican Army, much at my service and still my debtor.

The gallant colonel had seen me in the ranks, and recognizing me, as my horse dashed into the thicket, watched an opportunity to reach me, as he knew I should be carried into the midst of their own soldiers, and happily arrived just in the nick of time to save me by shooting down one of his own men.

In half an hour, I had bid farewell to my generous foeman, and rejoined the escort, now on its way beyond the town.



CHANGES.

Every aspect of nature is beautiful. As Burns is all the fashion just now, we may as well say so in one of his beautiful verses which has been ringing among the echoes of our memory since boyhood. We have not, to the best of our knowledge, seen it in print these thirty years; yet here it is, fresh, and, we believe, exact, as when we committed it to heart (or, rather, it committed *itself* to our heart) in that age when—

> "The freshness of the heart doth fall like dew
> Which, out of every object that we see,
> Extracts emotions beautiful and new."

That, however, is not Burns, but just a gem that happened to catch our eye, glistening on the ground, as we were on our way to pluck the mountain daisy. The passage of Burns that so pleased our youthful fancy, was this:—

> "O nature! all thy shows and forms
> To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms;
> Whither, when simmer kindly warms,
> Wi' life an' light,
> Or winter howls in gusty storms,
> The lang, dark night."

Now, we should not wonder if that bit of poetry had helped to make us lovers of nature all our days, and to keep fresh that "freshness of the heart" which "extracts emotions beautiful and new" out of everything that passes before the eyes in this wondrous panorama of the creation. Certain it is that we find delight in them each and all—storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, night and day, winter and summer, land and sea—what gorgeous scenery, what mighty actors, what ever new, though never ending complications, what grand catastrophes, still giving place to grander yet and yet more striking, in this world-drama!

Byron says—

> "O night!
> And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet *lovely in your strength.*"

Yes, in the wildest rage of these terrible elements, they are "lovely in their strength." The calm is beautiful, but the storm is magnificently beautiful. What so graceful as the foamy crest on the waves as they march over the watery plains, like an army of plumed warriors in battle array! The lines of beauty and of grace are often seen in the fiery cartoons which the lightning dashes on the cloud. The thunder discourses grand music as it comes in gradual swell from the distant heavens, or, bursting in a terrific crash from some near mass of clouds, rolls away in long-drawn *minuendo*, till it dies on the ear. The soul of man was made to enjoy the grand and the terrible as well as the calmly beautiful. And he who strung it with these deep and strong-chorded susceptibilities, has made the changes of the natural world to sweep over it so as to touch them all, and bring them out in full and sublime harmony. The pleasure which "feeling, pensive hearts" find in nature, is kept fresh and perpetual by change. Who has not felt a sense of oppression and weariness at the long succession of bright October days, and scarcely less bright moonlight nights? But then comes a fog, a rain, a long and boisterous north-easter; and the clarified air and outshining sun are enjoyed with a keen and renovated zest after the interruption, so that the manifold goodness of God is seen in the darker as well as the brighter aspects of nature—in the commotion of the elements, as well as in their calm and beautiful repose. "*All* thy works praise thee, O Lord!" Not only the joyous "outgoings of the morning and the evening," but "fire and hail, snow and vapor," and "stormy wind."

* * *

The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thomas says he has two sisters who expect him to wait on them all the time, when he wants to go with other ladies. Fie, Thomas, you ought to be grateful that you have sisters to wait upon. There is no better school for a young man to learn those graces which will render him acceptable to the sex. Thank them every time they laugh at you for an awkwardness which might have become very distressing to you in society, had it not been for them. The least you can do in return for all this polishing, is to be kind and attentive to them. They will have beaux in time for you to get married, no doubt.

L. S.—A religious person who is *in earnest* about his religion, had better not marry one who differs so much from himself as you and your lady-love. Such a union is not likely to be a happy one, unless one can bring the other over to his own belief.

Clara Vere wants to know if it is immodest to go in the street without a veil. Of course not, though small bonnets have rendered them almost a necessity to save the eyesight.

Jack asks if a sailor's life is a hard one, as he thinks of trying it. His very question proves that he is unfitted for it. Life is always "hard" to lazy people, whether on land or sea.

Y. Z.—Without knowing the nature and cause of your ill-health, how can we tell whether going to sea as a sailor will kill or cure you. It would be likely to do one or the other.

D.—A stepmother cannot lawfully interpose her whims and wishes against the authority of a guardian.

S.—How shall you educate yourself to become an editor? Well, we will tell you. If you live in the country, apprentice yourself to the printing business in an office where a newspaper is printed. While you are learning your trade, you will learn much of the art editorial—that is, if you have the stuff in you to make an editor out of. A *majority* of our best editors began their career just so. If you live in New York, the shortest and surest way to an editorial chair is to become a *first-rate phonographic reporter*. A good hand at reporting need not lack employment, and the practice of the art will let an intelligent young man into all the choice secrets of editorship. You can become a tolerable reporter in six months; a good reporter in a year; a great reporter in two years.

Cushing.—It is an old joke that the illustrated papers keep half-a-dozen portraits on hand, one of which they use on all occasions when the sudden prominence of an individual renders the publication of his portrait desirable. There may *once* have been some slight foundation of truth for the story. But we can assure Cushing that the publishers of respectable papers in New York never defraud the public in that way *now*. The portraits given in the papers are always taken from daguerreotypes or photographs, and the reason why the face differs in different papers is simply because the art of wood-engraving is, as yet, imperfect, and some engravers and designers are more skillful than others.

T. D.—This correspondent is an impetuous young gentleman of nineteen, who has ten thousand dollars in the hands of his guardian. He is foolish enough to want to go to Pike's Peak, and his guardian is wise enough to refuse him the money to go with. How shall the fiery youth *make* his guardian furnish the sum required? Legally, he can't do it; but, perhaps, by lying in wait for the worthy guardian on a dark night, and holding a sweet potato at his head, and shouting "Stand and deliver," the old gentleman might be induced to give up his pocket-book. That is the only way we can think of to *make* him do it.

Boy of '59.—It is enough to ask the father of the young lady for permission to solicit her hand in marriage. One of the groomsmen may hand the clergyman his fee, after the ceremony. The amount of the fee ought to depend partly on your own circumstances, and partly on the circumstances of the clergyman. If he is a poor man, with a large family, and you are a rich man, give him a check for a hundred dollars, and say no more about it. But a fair average fee is ten dollars. We don't believe in starving the clergy.

Clarissa thinks existence a very hum-drum affair. Very likely, as judging from the tone of her letter she is a selfish creature. Look about you, Clarissa, and try to relieve some of the distress with which the earth is groaning. Let tearful eyes look gratefully into yours for some service rendered, some word of sympathy that has healed a broken heart, if you would know how much happiness existence can yield. Selfish people are never happy. Go out of yourself, and you'll find flowers springing up under every footstep.

Harry says two young ladies have been making fun of him because he does not wear French boots, when the reason he cannot indulge himself in such things is, that he has a mother and little brother who are quite dependent on his small salary for support. We advise Harry to tell the young ladies this, and if they do not respect him more and like him better for it, they deserve to get husbands whose only recommendation to their notice is—French boots.

Susan tells us that above all things she desires beauty, for she is satisfied nothing else will attract the notice of the other sex. Susan is mistaken. The Camelia is a very beautiful flower, but so destitute of fragrance that the simplest violet or daisy is preferred to it. A woman who has attractive manners and mental accomplishments, though she may be no beauty, will often bear away the love which a *mere* beauty in vain sighs for. Let Susan remember this.

Thomas Jones feels aggrieved, because when riding in the cars with three young ladies and paying their fare, they insisted afterward upon returning him the amount, and Thomas wishes to know if they had a right to be displeased with him for refusing to take it. We think so, if they were particular about a few cents; because in our opinion it would be the *truest* politeness, to do that which would be most agreeable to the ladies, not to himself.

Rowland.—Saying "Thank you" does not imply that you are not *entitled* to receive that which calls forth the expression. It is civility, politeness, civilization, to say so. Therefore, when you received your license to teach, your thanking the committee was perfectly proper. A man owes it to *himself* to be polite to all with whom he comes in contact.

Samaria wishes to know if she has a mental trouble which she cannot remove by reason or prayer, if it will do any good to go to the minister. Very likely it may. So many hearts are unveiled to them that they are familiar with all sorts of sorrow. A really judicious and kind minister might lead you out of it.

John inquires if he is walking with a gentleman friend, and the latter meets a lady whom he knows and bows to her, if *he* is to bow too. Certainly, it is considered polite and gallant to do so, though of course this does not involve permission to bow to her again, unless similarly circumstanced.

Sarah More says she is plagued to death with lovers, and wants to know what she shall do. If she had not already done something in the way of flirting, we think she could not have so many. It is not necessary to *speak* to a young man in order to encourage him.

B.—The memory is often affected by the state of health. Avoid tobacco in all forms, ardent spirits, strong coffee, late hours, and other vices, and it is probable your memory will improve, and you will be less absent-minded.

Agnes wants us to tell her the best possible dentifrice for her teeth. A brush and cold water three times a day, Miss Agnes, is better than dentifrice, which is said to destroy the enamel, and injure the teeth.

N. H.—The wedding-ring is usually worn on the third finger of the left hand. During the marriage ceremony the lady, we believe, stands on the left, next her husband's heart. Does she not, ladies?

Cousin.—A cousin seventeen years old had better not correct the bad grammar of a cousin of twenty-one—unless she has the art of doing it so as to *please* as well as instruct.

J. O. C.—On the subject of freckles, we hold this opinion: Anything powerful enough to remove them must injure the skin. Time gradually obliterates them from most faces.

Gold-hunter.—From Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the heart of the Pike's Peak gold region, is about five hundred and forty miles. It will not answer for you to go hunting for gold in any region whatever, without ample preparation. Hundreds are now at Pike's Peak, Frazer River, and the "diggings" in California, who are utterly helpless, and in some cases dying from disease and destitution, because they went thither without a proper outfit. We advise no one to go gold-hunting; but if go they will, they should provide themselves, at some suitable frontier place, with an outfit something like the following: *Provisions for four men, six months*:—800 lbs. flour; 400 do. bacon; 200 do. sugar; 50 do. coffee; 6 do. tea; 40 do. dried fruit; 30 do. rice; 60 do. beans; 10 gallons molasses; 200 lbs. crackers and hard bread; 10 do. soda, or baking powders; 2 do. pepper; 30 do. salt; 25 do. lard; 4 gallons pickles; 3 boxes mustard; 2 gallons vinegar; and 2 gallons brandy. *Traveling and camp outfit for four men*:—Three yoke of oxen; 1 wagon, covers, &c.; 1 tent; 3 augers; 1 chisel; 1 axe; 1 handsaw; 1 nail hatchet; 1 drawing knife; 1 12 inch file; 6 lbs. nails; one coffee boiler; 1 coffee mill; 1 camp kettle; 1 frying pan; 1 skillet or oven; 1 bread pan; 6 coffee cups; 6 tin plates; 1 sett knives and forks; 1 sett spoons; 1 water kettle; 1 water bucket; 1 water dipper; 1 lantern; 10 lbs. candles; 2 dozen boxes matches; 25 lbs. soap, and 1 grass scythe and snath. *Each man should take*:—One gun; 1 pistol or revolver; 2 butcher knives, belt and scabbard; powder, lead, shot and caps; 1 buffalo robe; 3 heavy flannel over shirts; 3 pair heavy pants; 3 do. boots; 3 do. socks; 2 do. coats; 3 pair woolen drawers; 1 hat, 1 cap, one comfort, one vest; 2 pair gloves; 3 silk handkerchiefs; buttons, thread, etc. *Mining tools for each man*:—Two steel picks; 1 round point steel shovel; 1 gold pan; 1 large tin dipper; 1 iron scraper, for cleaning up rockers; 1 strong wooden bucket; 1 sieve for cleaning gold; 1 blow pan; perforated sheet iron for long toms and rockers; irons for axles for wheelbarrows; leather for pump valves; heavy drilling or sail duck, for hose, sail needles, twine, tacks; gold scales and weights.

P. M.—In a late number of the Ledger, we gave a legend concerning the origin of chess, in which it was stated that the inventor, on being promised by the king whom he first taught the game that he should have any reward he might ask for, meekly replied that he would be content if the king would give him one kernel of wheat on the first square of the chess board, two kernels on the second square, four on the third, and so on doubling up to the sixty-fourth square. The king gladly acceded to this seemingly modest request and ordered his attendants at once to bring in the wheat, which they began to do; but to the astoundment of the monarch it was found that there was not wheat enough, and never had been enough in his dominions to pay off the crafty inventor. Our correspondent, P. M., having seen this statement, has been "figuring it out," and has arrived at astounding results. To fulfil the king's promise, it would take thirty trillions, seven hundred and twenty-seven billions, ninety-seven millions, one hundred and eighty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat, allowing six hundred thousand kernels to the bushel. This would cover the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and New York all over with wheat to the depth of about a mile and a quarter. Were the kernels laid together end to end, they would reach two billions, three hundred and twenty-seven millions, eight hundred and ten thousand three hundred and ninety-two times around the earth. And to conclude, P. M. says that the wheat required by the insatiable chess board, is over nine times the amount grown upon the world, since the first farmer put in or reaped his first crop.

A Despairing Lover says the young lady to whom he is engaged, and to whom he has made many valuable presents, including a gold ring, a gold watch, a rosewood workbox, and various other costly articles, "has lately commenced going everywhere with another young man," and has even told him (our correspondent) that she "likes the other one best and thinks she shall marry him;" but she refuses to return said valuable presents. The question is, What should the "despairing lover" do under the circumstances? It is difficult for a stranger to answer such a question. It seems to us, however, that the best thing to be done, in such a case, would be to let the girl and presents go, and accept the experience gained as an ample equivalent for the loss. In fact, the loss of such a girl is a positive gain and blessing. Only think what a terrible blow it would be for a man to discover that his *wife* was a heartless, selfish, conscienceless creature, devoid alike of truthfulness and shame.

Esther.—The best way for you to avoid the annoyance occasioned by your children's "irrepressible desire to dig in the dirt and spoil their clothes," is to look upon this instinct of childhood as a beneficent dispensation of Providence and be thankful that your children share it in common with all healthy and hearty urchins. By all means let them dig in the dirt to their heart's content. Encourage them to practice the art of sapping and mining on the most approved juvenile principles, and give them a cheap uniform or "fatigue dress" in which to labor. Then finish them up at night with a warm bath and a thorough polishing off with a coarse towel, and your doctor's bill will be slight compared with that of those who constantly keep their children in a state of parlor neatness and elegance.

U. S. V.—The word German is as much of an English word as Irishman, Scotchman, Frenchman, Chinaman, or any other similar national designation. As to the formation of the plurals of these words, we think there is no rule whatever; nor do we agree with you that "Germans" is an exceptional case of plural formation. It is true that we have English*men*, Scotch*men*, French*men*, China*men*, &c.; but we also have Russ*ians*, Pruss*ians*, Austr*ians*, Ital*ians*, Belg*ians*, Bohem*ians*, Scandinav*ians*, Neapolit*ans*, &c., as well as Germ*ans*.

German.—If you are not a naturalized citizen, you cannot be made to do military duty. But if you were warned to appear on parade, court-martialed, and fined, without appearing and putting in your excuse or defense, you will find it cheapest to pay the fine. The next time you are warned to appear on parade, or cited to attend a court-martial, go and state the facts of the case, and you will not be molested.

David.—When a couple are walking together, it is more pleasant to "keep step;" and by "keeping step" is meant the alternate moving of the right and left feet of the walkers simultaneously. It may be as you say, however, in regard to the inconvenience occasioned to male pedestrian gallants by hoops, and that the "code of walking" will have to be remodeled.

Eugene.—You are altogether too young to marry. You should wait until you are eighteen at least. The fact that "the young lady is ready at any time that you are," is an additional reason why you should wait, inasmuch as it is pretty good proof that she has very little discretion, and would not therefore be able to render you much aid in planning for your domestic happiness and future welfare.

Lulu.—We do not think that the kissing of his female scholars on taking leave of school at the expiration of a term, is one of a teacher's prerogatives. Nor has he any better right to kiss them at their residences, when calling to bid them good-bye. In all civilized lands, kissing goes by favor.

M.—If you do not know enough concerning the "middle-ages" to be able to tell the period embraced by them, you would do well to select some other "age" as the epoch of which your novel is to treat. One of the first requisites for writing a book is that the author shall know a great deal more than it is necessary for him to tell.

H. K.—It was old Governor Berkeley, one of Queen Anne's governors of Virginia, who "thanked God that there was neither a newspaper nor a printing-press in the territory over which he ruled." Tyrannical rulers have always hated the free press, and well they may, for it is as fatal to them as strychnine is to rats.

C. P.—When a charge is made against a young lady, which is painful and offensive to her, she must either let it pass or else brave all the scandal which the necessary agitation of the subject in confuting the slander would occasion.

Fortiter.—Should you go back to Ireland, your old master could make you serve out your time according to the indentures, or else pay him such damages as would be fair and reasonable, for your breaking the agreement and running away.

B. M. P.—It is useless for you to seek "how to make love." If your own instincts do not indicate the things to be done, and the course to be pursued, you should wait until they do. Love must be made in the "natural way."

P. H. W.—The ancients used every description of lance which you can imagine. It was one of the first weapons ever invented. In tournaments, long lances of wood were used, but the head was of iron.

H. J.—Your sister is right in maintaining that the Bible contains more sublime passages than Homer. When the glow of admiration for Homer which is common to enthusiastic young students wears off, you will agree with her.

Simpsonville.—Do not despair because you received a "trembling no" from the young lady in response to your offer of marriage. That *trembling* certainly leaves ground for hope.

B. B.—*Semper paratus* is Latin for "always ready." *Nunquam non paratus* means "never not ready." *Toujours pret* is French for "always ready."

Carrie.—A young lady should not ask a gentleman to attend a ball or party with her. Such "askings" should be left for the gentlemen.

C. V. N.—Of course you should have picked up the lady's handkerchief and restored it to her, when you saw that she did not know she had dropped it.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*